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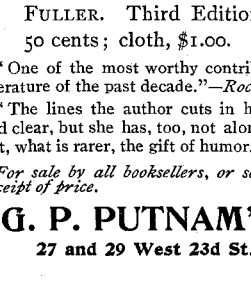

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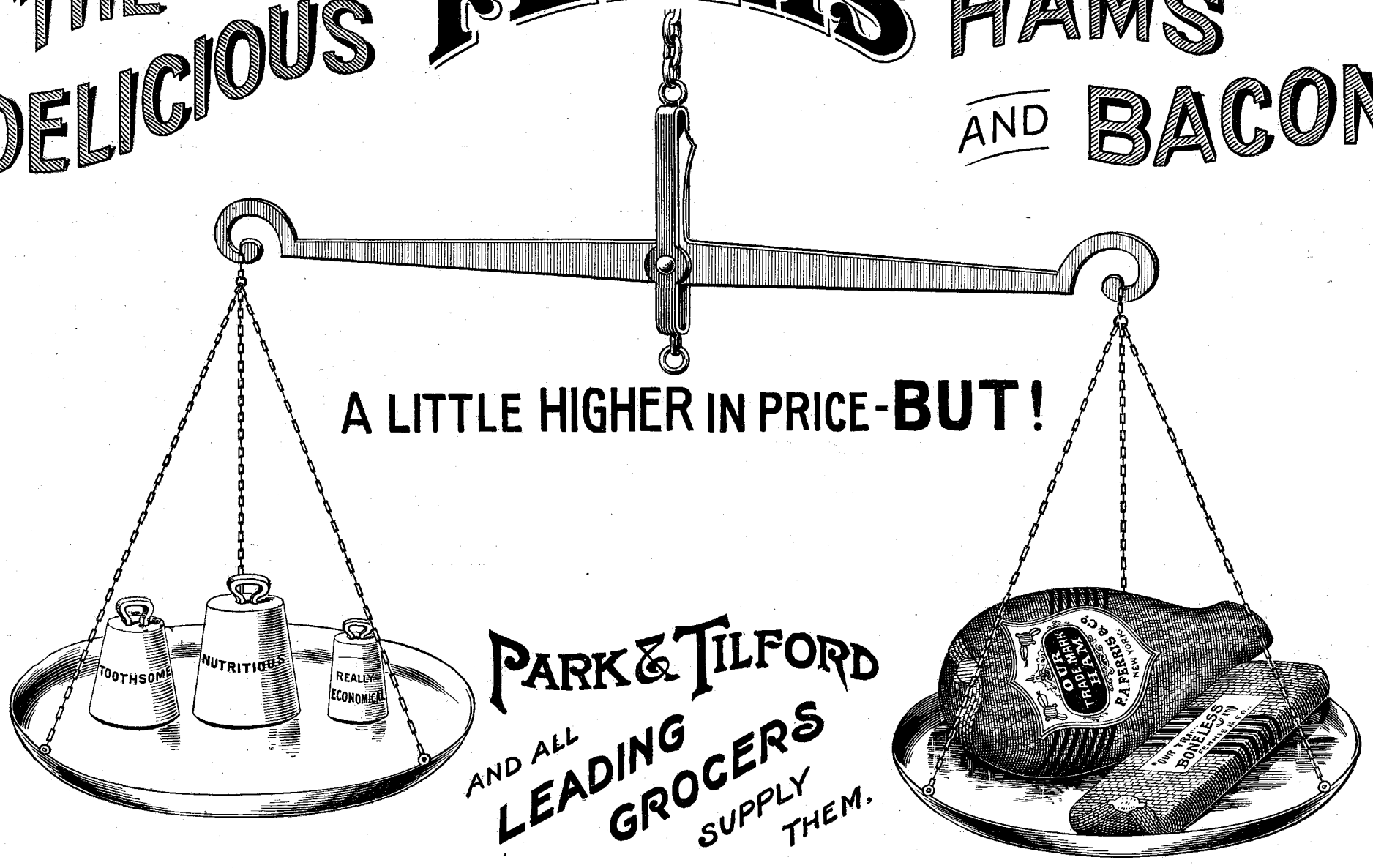

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Volume 50 For Week ending 20 October, 1894 Number 16

THE American Bankers' Association, in session at Baltimore last week, unanimously indorsed a plan formulated by the Baltimore Clearing-House Association for increasing the currency through the agency of the banks. It is, briefly, as follows:

> Allow the banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of fifty per cent. of their paid-up capital, subject to a tax of one-half of one per cent. a year, and an additional circulation of twenty-five per cent. of their capital, subject to "an additional heavy tax." Create a guarantee fund of five per cent. to redeem the notes of insolvent banks—this fund to be obtained by requiring the banks to deposit two per cent. the first year, and pay one-half of one per cent. as long as may be necessary thereafter.

The ratification of such a plan by Congress would enable the National banks of the country immediately to add $350,000,000 to the currency, or as much as the Sherman Act would have added in seven years, or the Bland Act in ten. In fact, it would "expand" the currency quite as rapidly as the Sub-Treasury plan formerly indorsed by the Farmers' Alliance in the South. The banks would get this currency by paying to the Government less than one per cent. a year, instead of two per cent. as proposed by the Southern farmers. The Government, in the proposal of the bankers as in that of the farmers, would issue, guarantee, protect, and redeem the currency, while the bankers through whom it is issued would take no risks and go to no appreciable expense. Yet, if the money issued be worth five per cent., the Government would receive from one-half of one per cent. to two per cent., while the intermediaries would receive the remainder. That such a plan as either of these will ever be accepted by Congress is not seriously to be feared. The sudden inflation of the currency proposed would be unwelcome to the conservative classes, with the exception of the one benefited, while the class legislation involved would be distasteful to the masses. The Farmers' Alliance has already practically abandoned its demand for money at two per cent., and the bankers are not likely long to urge their demand for money at one-half of one per cent. The control of the currency was given to Congress by the Federal Constitution. It is strictly a public function, and it is the duty of Congress, as well as its right, to keep it in its own hands.

❀

The result of the long and perplexing conferences between the representatives of the different political organizations in the city of New York which are opposed to Tammany rule has exceeded the anticipations implied in our paragraph of last week. The Republicans and all the important reform organizations—the Committee of Seventy, the Good Government Clubs, the Reform Democrats, and the German reformers—have united upon a ticket headed by William L. Strong, a Republican, for Mayor, and Mr. Goff, a Democrat, for Recorder. While we wish that public sentiment were such that all good citizens could unite in making up a municipal ticket, disregarding National issues as they now disregard sectarian preferences—and the one has no more to do with municipal administration than the other—this is not, in the present condition of public sentiment, practicable. There are good reasons why a Republican should head the ticket this year: both because a majority of the anti-Tammany voters are Republicans, and because it is of the utmost importance that the city and State authorities should co-operate in the work of municipal reform, and there is little doubt that the defeat of Mr. Hill will mean the victory of the Republican party in the State. We comment in another column on the duty of voters both in the city and in the State. We have only to add here that, in our judgment, there is good reason to hope for the defeat of Tammany in the one and of Hill and Hillism in the other.

❀

The woman's movement in favor of good government and honest politics, under the leadership of Dr. Parkhurst and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, is one of the most significant and hopeful of the age. No woman in the country could have been found who would command attention as Mrs. Lowell will, or whose leadership would be so loyally acknowledged by women of all classes. Her position in the social world will naturally bring to her women of intelligence and training, while her unselfish devotion to the cause of workingwomen has made her name and personality familiar to the women of the working classes. To the philanthropist she has been a wise and judicious counselor for many years. The singleness of purpose of this whole movement is best demonstrated by the co-operation of Dr. Parkhurst, whose opposition to woman suffrage is so well known, with Mrs. Lowell, whose pen and voice have been most actively engaged in the support of woman's suffrage. The initial meeting was held at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, last week. Dr. Parkhurst was the only speaker. His subject was "The Present Condition of New York and Woman's Relation to it." The scheme of work proposed is the holding of parlor meetings addressed by able speakers familiar with the conditions of municipal affairs; mass-meetings in different sections of the city; and meetings of tenement-house mothers in small halls in their own neighborhoods. These last meetings are for the purpose of giving the wives of workingmen an opportunity to tell of the conditions which they have been forced to endure, as well as to enlighten them about the protection they can claim and the influence they can exert to preserve the morals and health of their children. Four weeks is a short time in which to overcome the traditions of at least a generation and the habits of a lifetime, but when it is remembered that it is to mother-love that the appeal is made, it is certain that a great deal can be accomplished in even four weeks of earnest work.

❀

The two sensations of last week's testimony before the Lexow Committee lay in the proof that about six hundred

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policy-shops are now running in this city without police interference, and in the testimony that extortion-money had been paid by the officers of a steamship company directly into Captain Schmittberger's hands. With reference to the first matter it is remembered that last month Superintendent Byrnes declared that policy was "at the present time practically broken up." On the contrary, the proof is overwhelming that policy-shops exist in large numbers, and there is positive as well as inferential evidence that their owners (like the green-goods swindlers) pay regular blackmail to the police. It is also in evidence that the attention of Superintendent Byrnes has been called by street and number to certain shops which have never been interfered with. His policy of silence in regard to last week's testimony is damaging in the extreme. The importance of the proof adduced against Captain Schmittberger lies in the fact that the witness is a man of repute in the community, the agent of the French Steamship Company; that he was a most unwilling witness, only yielding under Mr. Goff's earnest exhortation to do his duty as a citizen; that he positively swears to putting five hundred dollars into the Captain's own hands; and that his evidence is strongly corroborated by a police officer who had been posted at the Company's wharf, and from whom the Captain had tried to extort *all* of the extra money paid to the officer by the Company. It is hard to see how any jury could fail to convict on such clear and strong proof as this, and there is reason to hope that the case will be put before a jury. As we have before asserted, a single conviction of a captain or inspector and the sending of him to Sing Sing would do more to bring corruption in the Police Department to an end than any amount of special legislation. The case of McKane shows that such a conviction is not impossible.

❀

The Lake Mohonk Indian Conference this year was, we judge, larger in attendance than any previous Conference. The interest did not center, as it has sometimes heretofore done, around any one topic. Ex-Senator Dawes gave a graphic and pitiful description of the corrupt and demoralized condition of the five so-called civilized tribes in the Indian Territory. Miss Sybil Carter laid emphasis on the necessity of work and adequate wages, especially for women. Captain Painter reported that, under the Indian law passed last year, authorizing the Indians to sell and lease their lands with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, there was danger that many Indians would suffer at the hands of the spoiler. The evils resulting from continued disregard of Civil Service Reform principles in the Indian Department were emphasized by different speakers and from different quarters of the field. The Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Heilman, made an admirable presentation of an ideal system of education, including day-schools and boarding-schools on the reservations and Government schools at a distance from them, urging that this system be so fashioned and directed that it shall naturally fall into, and become a part of, the State systems of education as the reservations are broken up and the Indians received into citizenship. The platform adopted urges a territorial government for the Indian Territory, with the acquiescence of the five civilized tribes first secured; liberty to the Indians to lease and sell their lands on the approval of a Judge of the United States District Court, in a manner analogous to the liberty awarded to other wards; the early cessation of rations and annuities, provision from Indian funds in lieu of taxes for local improvements, a better definition of duties and a more adequate salary for the Superintendent of Indian Schools, the extension of Civil Service Reform in the Indian Department, better provision for the enforcement of law in Alaska, and the cessation of the present un-American partnership between the Government and denominational bodies in the work of education. Full official reports of the meeting can be obtained, when published, on application to Frank Wood, Esq., Boston, Mass.

❀

Secretary Clark

The retirement of Dr. N. G. Clark from the American Board will be a matter of universal regret. In the troublous times through which the Board has recently passed, he has earned the title which Christ bestows upon the peacemakers—sons of God; and he has done this without ever sacrificing principle or falsifying or concealing his opinions. His intensity of conviction has never made him narrow or polemical; for his singleness of purpose and loyal consecration have always kept him from that egoism which is the vicious element in the controversialist. In the history of the American Board there have been not a few eminent leaders; but among them all no one has done more to impress upon it, we will not say himself, but rather the spirit of the One dwelling in and working through him, than Secretary Clark. Towering in figure, genial in presence, eloquent in speech, kindly and generous in spirit, and possessed of a peculiarly inspiring personality, he has been the friend of the missionaries, the co-worker with the pastors, and the helper of the churches. He has always taken large views concerning the work which should be done by the Board, and time has proved the wisdom of his statesmanlike policy. No man in recent years has had greater power in speaking on the subject of foreign missions in the churches. He will have the satisfaction of knowing that he carries with him into his retirement the love and gratitude of thousands both at home and abroad, who will never forget either the man or his ministry. May his life long be spared to see the fruits of the seed which he has helped to sow!

❀

Conan Doyle

Dr. Conan Doyle, who is now visiting this country, is one of the best known of the younger group of novelists who have made their appearance in England during the past five years, and among whom are to be found men of such genuine gift as Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett. Dr. Doyle is perhaps better known as the author of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories than as the author of "The White Company," "Micah Clarke," "The Refugees," and "The Great Shadow." It has lately been said of Sherlock Holmes that no character in English fiction since the days of Dickens has been so widely known among English-speaking peoples. These stories are characterized by uncommon acuteness and invention. Dr. Doyle's most serious work, however, has been in the field of historical fiction. "Micah Clarke" is a very careful study of the period of the Monmouth rebellion in England, "The White Company" a still more careful study of the adventurous

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side of feudal life in the fourteenth century, "The Great Shadow" is a story of the campaign which ended in Waterloo, while "The Refugees" affords an interesting contrast between the French Court and the Canadian forests in the seventeenth century. Dr. Doyle was born in Edinburgh, was educated at the well-known college at Stonyhurst and afterwards at the Edinburgh University, practiced medicine for eight years in London, but was drawn more and more toward literature, and finally made it his life-work. He is a man of great simplicity of character, with a genial, hearty manner, and he is a very agreeable and interesting speaker.

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There is no longer any doubt about the critical character of the illness of the Czar of Russia. He is suffering from a complication of diseases, and the statements made by the specialists who have attended him plainly point to a fatal issue, and probably at an early date. The Czar is fifty years old, and has the frame of a giant and a constitution of great vigor. He ought to be at the very height of his power; but his reign, which began in tragedy, has been overshadowed, and his early physical collapse is due, no doubt, much more to mental than to physical causes. He is a man of very strong affections, of a domestic nature, and of personal purity. He has suffered through the vices of his kinsmen, and he is depressed by the apparently fatal illness of his second son, the Grand Duke George, who is said to be his father's favorite. The Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Nicholas, is a young man about whom very little has been said or known outside of Russian circles. He is soon to be married to the Princess Alix of Hesse. Until the report of his complication with a Polish dancer was bruited abroad, his life, so far as the public knows, had been exemplary. Outside of official circles, his capacity for administration, his ideas of government, and his race sympathies are not known. Whether he will be drawn toward Germany, France, or England is the element in the problem concerning which there is endless speculation. There is something very pathetic in the breakdown of a ruler of amiable disposition, high purposes, integrity of life, and a pacific temper, with all the domestic virtues and very few aptitudes for government, who would have been singularly happy and respected in private station, but whose life has been sacrificed to the demands of a position for which nature had not fitted him.

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Japan has now justly proved that she is the Land of the Rising Sun. Necessary as was the arrangement that foreigners should not be amenable to Japanese courts when those courts were but the representatives of an inchoate body of law, it is now so no longer. A system of modern judicial procedure was organized in 1872. In 1880 the Criminal Code was promulgated, the Commercial Code coming later. Both have been in successful operation. Four distinct overtures have been made to the Treaty Powers by Japan, seeking to establish for itself such natural rights as other sovereign nations have—rights impossible with the consular jurisdiction under which Japan has been living these twoscore years. The first attempts were made in 1882 and 1887, by Count Inouye (the present Home Secretary, just sent to Korea), in 1888 by Count Okuma, and in 1890 by Viscount Aoki. Perhaps influenced by Japanese triumph in the war with China, these attempts have now been crowned with success by the sudden acquiescence of Great Britain, the principal European Power involved. The Japanese Civil Code, however, not having yet been in operation, a period of five years will properly elapse before the new treaty as to the abolition of consular jurisdiction takes effect. By its provisions the thousand foreign merchants and the other aliens will lose not only the right of extra-territoriality, but also the privilege of longer dictating to forty million people the five per cent. duty on imports and exports alike. Japan proposes to say herself whether she will place tariffs or not, and if so, what their rate shall be (she has already promised the United States to stop the export duty on tea and silk, and, after next June, raw cotton will be admitted free—an event favorably affecting American, Chinese, Indian, and Egyptian growers). Nevertheless, she has agreed not to make any tariff leviable upon imports higher than fifteen per cent. While this treaty will be inoperative until Japan makes a similar arrangement with the other Powers, her new tariff begins a month after the exchange of ratifications, increasing her revenue from imports by $5,000,000, and, after twelve years shall have elapsed, all ships not under her flag will be prohibited from participating in the coast trade. In return for these concessions, and though the anti-foreign Great Japan Union party is furious, the Mikado grants the right to "mixed residence" in any part of the Empire. Foreigners may not buy land, however; it may only be rented in perpetuity. Since through Commodore Perry in 1854 we were the first nation to open Japan to the world, it seems almost too bad that we should not also be the first to give her the long-desired judicial and tariff autonomy. Yet, as England has long had the lion's share in the commerce of these islands—although our own trade is now a powerful competitor—and as the total tonnage of British vessels trading with Japan exceeds that of all other countries (including Japan's own), it is not inappropriate that the English should be the first to conclude a revision treaty with the England of the East.

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Madagascar, which has suddenly risen into prominence, is the third largest island in the world, and the French propose to descend on a land four times as large as England; so large, indeed, that as yet many parts have been but imperfectly explored. It is perhaps significant that the most important of the explorations already made were those of the French savant and traveler, M. Alfred Grandidier. Long aware of the command over the Indian Ocean which would accrue to any first-class naval power from the possession of Madagascar, the French for over two centuries have persistently endeavored to maintain military posts on the coast. Finally, in 1840, they obtained some little islands near by, but, being continually baffled in the greater attempt, in 1883, on a convenient pretext, they declared war against Madagascar. It is needless to say that this, with Tonquin, was all a part of the late Jules Ferry's colonial policy. Three years later a treaty was made by which one of the finest harbors in the world, the Bay of Diego Suarez, at the northernmost point of Madagascar, was ceded to France. A greater sensation, however, came in 1890, when, in exchange for Zanzibar, Lord Salisbury formally acknowledged a French protectorate of Madagascar, thus tying England's hands for the future. The island's inhabitants, the Malagasy, never agreed to such a protectorate. They have steadily refused to issue any *exequatur* to foreign consuls through the French Resident, and have so opposed the establishment of French tribunals, with jurisdiction over Europeans, that no attempt has been made to carry them into effect. The natives are a sturdy people, founded on Malayo-Polynesian stock, with admixtures of both Arab and African elements. Of all the tribes, the Hovas are the purest Malayan, the dominant and most civilized. They inhabit the central province,

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Imérina, and govern the entire island. While relentless in war, they are in peace affectionate, loyal, law-obeying, and industrious. Their chief employment is in the cultivation of their rich soil, rice being their staff of life. This commodity is also an important export, others being cattle, hides, gums, and india-rubber. The imports of cotton and crockery (largely from England) almost equal the value of the exports. The Malagasy are skilled workmen in the smelting of iron, with which, as with copper, their island abounds, while the gold-mines have attracted much European capital. The Government is an absolute monarchy, advised, however, by a cabinet of Ministers. Governors, responsible to the Prime Minister, are placed at all the chief towns. It may surprise those unfamiliar with Madagascar to learn that, while society is still divided into nobles, commoners, and slaves, the Government has established schools wherever possible and has made education compulsory.

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Antanánarivo, the capital of Madagascar, situated in the high healthy interior, is a remarkable city, and contains many handsome buildings. Two-fifths of the Malagasy (including the Queen, Ranaválona III.) are now Christians, and nine-tenths of these are Protestants. Not only are there many English, but also American mercantile and missionary interests (our trade there rivaling the British and being much larger than the French), and in 1881 our Government made a treaty with Madagascar, in which the latter's complete independence was recognized. This compact has been so well carried out in deed as well as in word that some years since the French complained because a ship of our navy did not salute their flag at a Madagascar port. Both our State and Navy Departments, however, not only approved the American commander's course, but reprimanded another commander who had saluted the tricolor. Instead of a farce, as it has been hitherto, France now proposes to make the protectorate a fact, and even the sober "Temps," the organ of the French Government, declares that military intervention is inevitable unless the Hovas yield to French demands. That accomplished agent of France in the Siamese imbroglio, M. le Myre de Vilers, is already on his way to Tamatave with imposing warships, as we recently reported. French settlers in the interior have been ordered to repair to the coast in view of possible hostilities, and a blockade of all Madagascar ports is anticipated. France has protested against shipments of munitions from England to the island and against the enrollment of British subjects in the Hova army, which is now armed with modern rifles and has been drilled by English officers. The French may not make as quick a conquest as they anticipate. Few white folk can live long amid the deadly malaria of the coast, and none but the natives understand how to penetrate the dense forest jungle which extends twenty to forty miles wide quite around the island. The natives declare that they need no other than their double defense of *hazo* and *tazo*—forest and fever. Still another remarkable feature is the almost continuous lagoon extending three hundred miles south of Tamatave, the chief port. Much of the island is mountainous, the summits of the Ankáratra reaching an altitude of nine thousand feet; and through the entire land there are as yet no roads, nor are beasts or wheeled vehicles employed. All travelers and goods are borne on the shoulders of trained bearers. These bearers will hardly carry their conquerors, and a forced journey may take time.

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Mr. Herbert Gladstone has written to the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance a letter making clear his father's position upon temperance legislation. Mr. Gladstone has not, says this letter, changed his attitude in favor of local option. He regards this as "a sound principle, which has every title to be pressed on Parliament, and which will be useful wherever adopted." "But," the letter continues, "the mischief of drink is so frightful that he is not willing to trust exclusively to a remedy which he fears may not be of wide operation. He thinks that the principle of sale under public authority is defensible, and it seems to him to be the most hopeful of the methods now attainable for producing benefit on an extended scale." Mr. Gladstone's position, it will be seen, is substantially that of the Reform party in South Carolina, and of the advocates of the Gothenburg system in Massachusetts. He favors the suppression of the liquor traffic wherever the community will vote for suppression, but is opposed to leaving the traffic unrestricted where complete suppression is impossible. The temperance sentiment in Great Britain is so much weaker than the temperance sentiment in the United States (outside of our immigrant population), and the proposed English law requires a so much larger vote to order suppression, that Mr. Gladstone seems to be well within bounds when he declares that the benefits of the Local Veto Bill could not be of "wide operation." Mr. Gladstone's position is not only a logical one, but the logical one. If the public has anywhere the right to suppress bar-rooms, it has everywhere the right to control them, and Mr. Gladstone has simply expressed the conviction, which is everywhere growing, that public control can best be made effective by restricting the sale of liquor to salaried public agents.

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A great deal of interest was excited at the recent session of the International Congress of Hygiene at Buda-Pesth in Hungary by the paper of Professor Crocq, of the University of Brussels, on Anarchism. According to this writer, Anarchists who have so far made themselves notable have been, as a rule, from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, and have belonged to families in which have been found certain anomalies of conformation in the skull and face. They have not, as a rule, sprung from the very poorest, but from the middle classes, and their ideas and methods are alike abnormal. From a study of a large group of these men Professor Crocq reaches the conclusion that those whom he calls "Anarchists of the deed" are generally lunatics affected by moral insanity, and to be treated as such. They form a small class, always existing in a community, which is sensitive to influences which are in the air, and prepared, by an abnormal tendency, to carry into execution destructive schemes which are discussed academically by men of sounder mind. In Professor Crocq's view the men who are really responsible for Anarchistic violence are the writers and orators who put forth destructive ideas while declining to act upon them themselves. Professor Crocq's paper brought out sharp difference of opinion, and it was generally felt that it is too early to pronounce all Anarchists insane. There is, however, a widespread feeling that the Anarchist of the deed is rarely a sane man; that, having the temperament of the crank, he is peculiarly open to the contagion of destructive ideas; and that for this reason there is a certain scientific justification of the extreme legislation against the expression of Anarchistic opinions which has recently been passed by the French Assembly.

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General News.—The first Parliamentary election under the new law in Belgium took place last week Friday; the Liberals were defeated; both Catholics and Socialists

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made large gains in Brussels, where a second ballot will probably be required; some difficulty was found in enforcing the compulsory voting part of the law.——The boundary disputes between British Guiana and Venezuela are again causing trouble among the miners and settlers, and it is rumored that the British police have been driven out of the disputed territory.——Dr. Newman Smyth, of the Centre Church of New Haven, Conn., is vigorously pushing specific charges of misconduct and corruption against certain members of the Board of Police Commissioners.——Earl Grey died in England last week, at an advanced age.——The Kaffirs are reported to have driven back the Portuguese at Lourenzo Marques.——Lord Rosebery will speak at Bradford, England, next week, and it is thought that he will then indicate the position of the Liberal Government on the question of the House of Lords.——The Ameer of Afghanistan is seriously ill.——The New South Wales Legislature has passed a resolution by an overwhelming majority in favor of extending the franchise to women.——The report that China had made overtures to Japan for peace is officially denied; the Japanese Parliament is to meet at once in extra session to discuss war measures.

General William Booth

The Outlook presents to its readers this week a portrait of the Commander of the Salvation Army, who is now for the second time visiting the United States. His first visit was about nine years ago, when the condition of the Army was very different from that in which he finds it to-day under the efficient direction of his son and daughter-in-law, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth.

William Booth is now nearly sixty-six years of age, having been born in Nottingham, England, April 10, 1829. His early education was in a private school in the city in which he lived. At that time the Universities were closed against Nonconformists, and he did not graduate at any of the colleges patronized by Dissenters. In 1850 he became a minister of the denomination known as Methodist New Connection. Early in his career he manifested a preference for evangelistic work, and when, in 1861, the Conference required him to settle as a pastor, he resigned from the denomination and became an evangelist. Before this he had married the remarkable woman who afterwards distinguished herself as the "Mother of the Army." By an eminent theologian of the Church of England she was called one of the three greatest preachers in England, the other two being Mr. Spurgeon and Canon Liddon. What William Booth would have been without the sympathy and inspiration of his wife we cannot tell, but that hers was the most potent human influence in the development of his character and the determination of his career no one would question. After becoming an evangelist he preached in the South of England, and to vast throngs among the poor in London—to such crowds as gathered to hear Wesley and Whitefield about a century ago. In 1865 he founded "The Christian Mission," to which in 1878 was given the name "The Salvation Army."

The fiftieth anniversary of General Booth as a Christian worker was recently observed in London by an imposing celebration at the Crystal Palace. The special object which brings him to this country is to inspect the work of the Army, and to take part in the dedication of its headquarters in New York, which event will probably occur early in February. General Booth is the father of eight children, three sons and five daughters, all of whom hold responsible positions in the service. His public life may be divided into three periods: his career as a minister in the Methodist New Connection denomination; as an evangelist; and as the founder and leader of the Army which has now been in existence about twenty-eight years.

As a preacher General Booth is pre-eminently evangelistic, always seeking to impress his hearers with the great verities of God, the moral law, salvation by grace, the happiness of the good, and the certainty of doom for the wicked. As a speaker on social subjects he is both wise and witty. On the platform he does not hesitate to make his audience laugh, which he easily does, but always for a purpose. As both preacher and speaker he is inspirational rather than logical. His addresses are not so remarkable for their consecutive order as for their strong and striking and often detached and disorderly sentences, which are so presented as to attract attention and remain in the memory. As an author his efforts have been confined to the special lines of work in which the Army is engaged. In all his undertakings General Booth has retained his humility and earnest and childlike piety. There have been those in many lands who have not been able to approve of his methods, but, so far as we know, none who have doubted the earnestness of his purpose, the purity of his life, or the consecration of his service. He will receive a hearty welcome to the United States by those who wear the uniform of the Salvation Army, and also by a host of others who delight to honor all who have proved themselves good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

The Issue in New York

There would be no doubt as to the issue of the pending election in either the city or the State of New York if that issue were clearly understood by all the voters. The men who have nominated Mr. Hill for Governor and Mr. Straus for Mayor will be entirely powerless to elect them if they are not reinforced at the polls by citizens whose characters, principles, and purposes are of an entirely different description. If once the issue could be clearly put between corruption and purity in politics, between gambling and honest industry, between the promoters of the saloon and the protection of the home, virtue would carry the election by overwhelming majorities. It is because men who are pure vote unconsciously for corruption, and honest men vote for gamblers, and men who love their homes for the saloon, that vice often seems to triumph.

The question at issue this fall in New York State and City is not between a protective and a revenue tariff. Only very indirectly are National issues involved. It is true that some Republican organs will hail the defeat of Hill and Tammany as a Republican victory, and will claim the election of Morton and Strong as an indorsement of protection; it is true, also, that the result of the election will exercise an indirect influence on the Presidential election of 1896. But the influence will be indirect only, and there is nothing inconsistent in a vote cast against Mr. Hill and one for a Democratic Congressman now and a Democratic President two years from now. Nor is the question to be decided one of personal character merely—whether Mr. Morton or Mr. Hill, Mr. Strong or Mr. Straus, is the better man. The personal virtues of the individual are not unimportant; but they are neither the only nor the chief factor. Mr. Hill is said to be personally temperate and industrious, Mr. Straus to be charitable. So far, so good. But more important for the voter is, What elements in society do these men represent?

Now, in fact, in the city of New York, Mr. Straus repre-

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sents Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall is organized political corruption. To elect Mr. Straus Mayor of New York City may be to elect as Mayor an estimable and charitable citizen; but it is certainly to elect to active participation in municipal affairs all the baser elements of the city. We will not say that it is to hand over the city to the control of the policy-shops, the liquor-saloons, the houses of vice, and the green-goods men, but it certainly is to invite them to a large participation in municipal government. It is to vote for a continuance of the misrule which the Lexow Committee has brought to the light of day; for no man nominated by Tammany and owing his election to Tammany can, even if he would, either convert his political allies into men of purity, or drive them from all share of a government at the head of which they have placed him.

So, in the State, Mr. Hill owes his nomination to the thugs of Gravesend, the blackmailers of New York, the murderers of Troy. His election would be the triumph of the gambling-shop, the liquor-saloon, the vote-briber, the ballot-box stuffer. Certainly all the men who will vote and work for him do not belong to this class; certainly all the men who belong to this class will not work and vote for him. But these are the elements which compelled his nomination, and they will not be bashful or backward in claiming their share of spoils and of power in case of his election.

This is the simple answer to such pleas as those of Mr. Whitney for Mr. Hill. It is not the Democratic party which is on trial; it is Tammany Hall—in the city and in the State. There are no political issues involved in the election. The Constitutional and the Gubernatorial questions are distinct. The State Legislature to be elected has no United States Senator to elect; its attention, therefore, will be confined to State issues. Mr. Hill is no less a protectionist than Mr. Morton; he is only less frankly, honestly, and avowedly so. The real issue in the present campaign is purely a moral one. It is whether the honest or the corrupt elements shall dominate in city and in State. An opportunity is afforded for a co-operation of the honest elements against Tammany Hall and against Hillism—by a united ticket in the one case, by an optional ticket in the other. If all men who value honor and purity of government avail themselves of this opportunity, even then they will not usher in the millennium on the 7th of November; but they may at least redeem the State from the domination of the crafty, the greedy, and the dissolute.

Edwin Booth's Letters

Edwin Booth's letters published in the October number of the "Century Magazine," in addition to the light they throw on a remarkable character and the witness they bear to the reality of Christian faith, serve a double purpose: they demonstrate, on the one hand, that an actor may be not only a person of high moral ideals, but also of the deepest spiritual experiences; and, on the other hand, taken with the sad and lonely life of Mr. Booth's later years, they illustrate anew the difficulty of maintaining such ideals and such experiences in the actor's life. That Mr. Booth was both sad and lonely in his late years we suppose no one doubts. His apparently brilliant triumphs did little to relieve the pathos of his solitude. The members of his own profession did not comprehend his aims; the public scarcely knew of them. The former resented his moral isolation; the latter were unconscious of it. To his audiences he was simply a great actor, nothing more. The attempt to establish a theater in New York City in which the drama should be, not a mere money-making show, but a real and elevating art, failed, partly because of public apathy, partly because Mr. Booth had not the necessary business talent to make it a success. But the failure did not destroy his high ambition; and his whole subsequent career shows him dominated by the same purpose—a purpose shadowed forth in the following letter written to a friend in the earlier years of his career. He has won his first fame as Hamlet, and is preparing to come out in the character which he subsequently made almost exclusively his own—Richelieu:

"What Mary and I used to plan for my future, what Richard and I used laughingly to promise ourselves in our 'model theater,' seems to be realized in these two plays, at least. As history says of the great Cardinal, 'I am too fortunate a man not to be superstitious,' and as I find my hopes being fulfilled, I cannot help but believe that there is a sufficient importance in my art to interest them still; that to a higher influence than the world believes I am moved by, I owe the success I have achieved. Assured that all I do in this advance carries, even beyond the range of my little world (the theater), an elevating and refining influence, while in it the effect is good, I begin to feel really happy in my once uneasy sphere of action. I dare say I shall soon be contented with my lot. I will tell you this much: I have been offered the means to a speedy and an ample fortune, from all parts of the country, but prefer the limit I have set, wherein I have the power to carry out my wishes, though on 'half pay' as it were."

To refuse an apparently easy and short road to fame and fortune in order to realize the higher ambition of exercising an elevating and refining influence is by no means unprecedented. Nevertheless, it is the supreme test of sincerity and earnestness of purpose, and it is safe to say that some of the moralists who have condemned all actors in one wholesale condemnation have not stood this test as well as did Edwin Booth. This letter intimates one secret of a life in which the actor never stooped to dishonorable or meretricious methods in order to gain either fame or fortune.

But not only were Edwin Booth's ethical standards noble; one cannot read these letters without feeling that his religious experience was of the highest type. Their disclosures in this respect will be a surprise, not only to the public, but to many who accounted themselves his intimate friends. We judge that the following letter of June 3, '64, to Mrs. Richard F. Cary, was written after the death of Mrs. Booth, and upon the death of Mr. Cary and his sister. From it we quote only a few sentences. The entire letter deserves a place among the noblest expressions of spiritual faith in literature:

"One after another the blows have fallen so heavily that souls unaided by God's unfaltering love, and faith stronger than death, would have sunk in despair beneath their crushing weight. But in your hearts as in hers—dear, dear mother, for so she always seemed to me, Mary's mother—as in my own, there is a light which sorrow cannot quench; which guides us through the darkness of the grave; which reveals to us the secret of His mysterious works—the secret love. O that I could give you the full companionship of that love as I have felt it since Mary's death, the peace that has filled my soul, and the strength that has flowed steadily into it since that terrible day! Could I give you this, you would rejoice for her as I do, although my heart aches for you while I write. . . . Oh, I feel such an intense love for God when sorrow touches me that I could almost wish my heart would always ache—I feel so near to Him, I realize His love so thoroughly, so intensely, at such times."

This is the very highest type of spiritual experience, this Pauline rejoicing in sorrow "because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." The letter itself ranks in spiritual literature with those of Madame Guyon and Bishop Fénelon. We hope that when Mrs. Grossmann gives the complete volume of her father's letters to the public, she will accompany them with at least so much information concerning his outer life as will make their interpretation clear. If she will do this, the volume will take its place

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among the most inspiring of biographies, inspiring because revealing the divine secret of a life of patient heroism in lonely and unappreciated service and sacrifice. That secret, in the case of Edwin Booth, was not "devotion to art," nor faith in himself, but devotion to his fellow-men and faith in his God. Such a life is inspiring even when we find it in the ministry, where we always look for it, sometimes, alas! to be disappointed; it is far more inspiring when we come upon it unexpectedly in such unfavorable surroundings as those of the theater.

Volunteer Editors

The editors of such a journal as The Outlook have, as a rule, very delightful relations with contributors, and find no small pleasure, by the way, in an experience of uniform courtesy and good feeling. There is, however, a class of contributors, with whom all editors are at times brought into contact, few in numbers but aggressive in action, who combine the functions of contributors and editors. They not only prepare their manuscripts, but they pass upon them as well; in fact, they direct the publication, at an early date, of the articles they inclose. If for any reason the article is not available, they decline to accept the decision, and promptly point out the reasons why it should appear. The fact that the same subject may have been discussed in a series of six articles within two months, that there are in the manuscript-case six articles on the same subject awaiting publication, that the subject itself has been discussed until there is nothing left for discussion, that it is of no interest to the constituency of the journal in question, has no weight with the contributor who insists upon being an editor as well. If it is mildly suggested that the unavailable article lacks freshness, coherence, literary quality, this judgment, courteously expressed, is resented as a personal affront, and the editor is reminded that he does not understand his business. This discourages a man whose chief interest professionally is to make the best possible use of his opportunities, and whose attitude towards all new contributors is one of wistful expectancy. Instead of being a morose and surly person, whose aim in life is to return all the good articles and print all the bad ones, he is often an overworked man because he is eager to let nothing that has excellence slip through his fingers, and to see the promise in the work of new hands and secure that work. His greatest reward is to discover a new note, a fresh touch, an original idea in prose or verse. So great is his eagerness and his catholicity that he is in much greater danger of publishing inferior than of rejecting superior matter. The fault of the contemporary editor is his easy-going catholicity; he does not guard the doors enough; he publishes too many commonplace articles. But it must be remembered that he prints the best matter he can get; if he prints a good deal of commonplace, it is because a good deal of commonplace is written.

All this the volunteer editor ignores. To him it is the easiest thing in the world to edit a newspaper or a magazine; the whole secret lies in the acceptance of his article. A note recently received from a man who knows, as few men can, both the inside and the outside of the editorial office, puts the whole matter forcibly. This versatile and perennially fresh thinker and writer contributed to The Outlook not long ago a report which the editors were compelled to condense, and word sent him to that effect promptly brought the following reply:

> What I know is that an editor is omnipotent, and ought to be, and that nobody but a fool complains of what he does.
>
> Truly yours, EDW. E. HALE.

Editorial Notes

—Mr. Ingersoll apparently thought he was saying something original the other day in declaring concerning Christ that He was a man and did not know all the future, and his audience were captivated by the audacity of the utterance and applauded it. But if either speaker or audience had known anything of Christian theology, they would have known that in this declaration Mr. Ingersoll was orthodox of the orthodox.

—The Outlook, which has been strenuous in its opposition to the principles of the A. P. A., agrees with the "American" of Waterbury, Conn., that a nomination of a school ticket made up throughout of Roman Catholics "is an insult to the good sense and a threat to the peace of a generous community, which ought to be rebuked by defeat." The Convention which nominated such a ticket in Waterbury was an unconscious enemy of religious liberty and an ally of the A. P. A.

—In Boston last week two men were convicted of running local lotteries, one of which had the assuring name of "Guarantee Loan and Trust Company." We need make no apology, therefore, to our distant readers for reprinting elsewhere some of the testimony of one of the witnesses before the Lexow Committee in this city concerning that form of lottery known as "policy." The concluding paragraph of the lottery-dealer's testimony may be pessimistic, but brings home the lesson that eternal vigilance is the price of morality as well as liberty.

—Tammany Hall's belated declaration in favor of municipal construction of the rapid-transit system calls forth this astonishing comment from "Matthew Marshall," the financial editor of the New York "Sun:"

> "The exposure of the possibilities of public plunder in the municipal rapid-transit scheme, which I made last Monday, has had the effect of inducing the Tammany Democrats to declare in its favor."

When the New York "Sun" attacks Tammany Hall in this fashion, it almost seems as if a certain ancient kingdom were for once divided against itself.

—Mr. Wilde is nothing if not modest, and in his latest utterance has given a true model of English style. Mr. Arthur Waugh thus sums up the O'Connor-Wilde quarrel in the current "Critic:"

> "Some weeks ago the managing editor of the 'Sun' received an Irish poem, signed 'Oscar Wilde,' and forthwith enniched it in a column set aside for the purpose of reprinting current verse. Shortly after, another claimant arose for the authorship, and the managing editor inserted a paragraph expressing wonder as to whether Mr. Wilde had appropriated some one else's verses. Thereupon Mr. Wilde was 'drawn,' and replied in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' with violence, ending with a deliciously characteristic argument. 'The editor,' he said in effect, 'confesses that he thought the poem must have been one of my early efforts, since it was patently immature. This is only another proof of his ignorance. *Only mediocrities progress. The genius moves in a cycle of masterpieces.*'"

—The tragi-comic campaign in Montana over the Anaconda-for-the-Capital issue has called forth the following moral appeal from the Butte "Miner:"

> "That money is to be extravagantly used by Anaconda goes without saying. On this question the 'Miner' has simply this to say to every voter who may be approached: The few dollars which you might accept, if so disposed, would soon pass away. It is the kind of money that is dangerous to touch. It would *burn holes in your pockets and conscience, put blushes of shame upon your cheek*, the weight of regret in your heart, and the chains of guilt upon your intellect. . . . Shun it; spurn the insulting offer; remember that the pleasures which it will buy are brief and fleeting, while your self-respect may be eternal. Remember this, but if you must take it—if you cannot refuse—then take it and turn it into a vehicle of justice by using it to pay your legitimate expenses while working early and late in the interest of the people and against a rapacious and domineering corporation."

—In a small, unventilated room in a tenement-house on Allen Street in this city, a slipper-maker, who has a wife and two small children to support, and to whom one room serves as kitchen, workshop, and living-room, was able, by working twelve or fourteen hours a day, to keep his family clothed and fed; but with the financial depression the prices for his work fell so much that he received only as much for two pairs of slippers as he had received for one. He endeavored to meet the deficiency by doubling the hours of labor, until he sat twenty hours a day upon his work-bench. Sometimes thirty hours passed with only enough intermission for the apologies for meals which the family were able to secure. As the Jewish Day of Atonement approached last week, the slipper-maker calculated that by working three days and nights in succession he could secure money enough to keep the festival by laying aside his work. He began on Saturday morning, and by Sunday night he was falling asleep in spite of every attempt, and in order to keep awake prodded himself with his awl. Refusing all entreaties to rest, he sat on his bench until four o'clock Monday morning, when he had finished twelve pairs of slippers and worked fifty-two hours without interruption. He was then in a kind of trance, and, falling asleep in spite of himself, fell forward against the table, upset the lamp, burned up his work, and seriously injured his hands. And yet there are people who hold it to be a "crime against society" to say that the social organization is defective, and that every man who is able and anxious to work cannot get the work that will keep body and soul together!

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The Poets of the Bodley Head

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

THE Bodley Head is a little low-browed second-hand book-shop in Vigo Street, off Regent Street, in the very heart of fashionable London. It is only lately that it has sprung into prominence as a publishing house. The Bodley Head was established by Mr. Elkin Matthews, a bookseller of Exeter, a man with a fine and distinguished taste for old authors, and himself, with his delicate old-fashioned courtesy, looking as if he might have been the friend of the authors he so dearly loves. He named his new premises from Sir Thomas Bodley, who was also a native of Exeter, little dreaming then that the sign of the Bodley Head would presently become a nineteenth-century synonym for Parnassus. He had begun to publish in a small and exquisite way just before he was joined by his partner, Mr. John Lane; but after that energetic gentleman had come into the firm there came that little renaissance of poetry whereby it became possible for a poet to earn a little money of his wares, as well as proving pleasantly profitable to his publishers. This was accomplished partly by such clever devices as limited editions and very exquisite production; but the fact that poetry sold at all made people believe that they too must become purchasers; and the demand for poets presently made the Bodley Head as a tree-top full of singing birds; for your poet is sensitive and will keep his song to himself while the world is too cold to heed it. Since the Bodley Head became the poet's medium, a good many older poets have come in to take advantage of the faultless taste and judgment which are responsible for the production of the Bodley Head books. These include Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. William Watson, Michael Field, Dr. Gordon Hake, and the late Mr. Roden Noel.

W. B. Yeats

The poet who in a sense is most identified with the Bodley Head is Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, whose "Volumes in Folio" was the first book published by the firm of Matthews & Lane. Mr. Le Gallienne has since published several volumes of prose and poetry—"The Book-Bills of Narcissus," "English Poems," "George Meredith: Some Characteristics," "The Religion of a Literary Man," and "Prose Fancies"—with unvarying faithfulness to the same publishers. Mr. Le Gallienne's handsome face is a familiar one at London literary gatherings, and many Americans have experienced the quiet sincerity of his manner and kindness of his gaze. These things are very pleasant to meet with at an assemblage the members of which seem to be always moving on to somebody else. The graciousness and charm of his literary work are in the man himself, so that lately, when a crushing grief fell on him in the death of his sweet young wife, his sorrow was felt by many as a personal trouble. He is the kindliest of critics, and one never feels that in his nature envy or unkindness can have any place. His "Religion of a Literary Man" made him the subject of much pulpit oratory last winter. The Nonconformist preachers especially seemed to welcome this new pleader for the religion of Christ. To those who hold a more dogmatic creed his "Religion" would have seemed better for a more certain note, but he appealed not to such; and any one who knows the paganism of literary circles in London, as a whole, would be glad of even less affirmative preaching than his.

Mr. Francis Thompson is the poet whose work has made the greatest sensation of the Bodley Head. It is quite different from all the rest of modern English poetry. At its best it is the divine flight and vision of the genuine poet, whose eyes and lips have been touched by the finger of God; at its worst it has the faults of its qualities—turgidness, over-abandonment, over-lavishness. One compares him with the burning heart of Crashaw and St. Teresa. Francis Thompson has lived hard and found life bitter. He has broken and ruined all the possibilities that mere mortal life had for him. The one sane thing he has kept is the hope of the other life that shall break and remake him. Think of his poetry side by side with the sensuous and corrupt beauty of so much modern poetry! There is the "Hand of Heaven," that magnificent vision of the soul fleeing from its insistent lover:

Norman Gale

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee who betrayest Me."

Francis Thompson is now at the Franciscan Monastery of Pantasaph, in Wales, where the echoes of his fame must have reached him but dimly. His poetry seems a great gift saved out of the storm and stress of his life. His religion, how different from that of the modern poet to whom its most sacred things are but æsthetic furniture! I visited the other day a young poet who no doubt would write himself down *décadent*. In his delightful garret, high among immemorial trees, one saw the crucifix on his wall side by side with the pictures of actresses. Midway was a pen-and-ink autograph of Paul Verlaine, its juxtaposition curiously suggestive of the two influences between which the chief of French *décadent* poets has ever wavered.

Arthur Symons

Norman Gale is the Watteau of poetry. He sings of shepherdesses, of brooks and flocks and birds, as daintily as a bullfinch could pipe it. His poetry has rather the sweetness of gardens than the austerity of the country. His country is an Arcadia where it is summer all the year long, and Lubin is ever young and in love, and sin and the rheumatics are never found below the red-tiled roofs—a kindly convention, one fears. Mr. Gale is as unlike his work as possible. He is over six feet in height, with the great limbs of an athlete, and a pleasant, kindly face. He is rather more in love with football and cricket than with the Muses. It is his pride that he has had every bone in his body broken at football; but he looks not a penny the worse. He, more

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than any other, has profited by the craze for limited editions. He is a master at Rugby, and produced most of his poems in slender, beautiful volumes through Mr. George Over, a Rugby printer. A set of these slender volumes brought the other day ninety pounds. Mr. Gale is thirty-two years of age, and an Oxford man. His "Country Muse" came to town in 1890, and immediately made a success. He is about to reprint the first series of the "Country Muse" here and in America. Mr. Gale's brother is, by the way, well known in musical circles in New York.

Some writers who did not before ask for a popular hearing, or asked in a very modest way, have become widely known through the Bodley Head. Of these Lord de Tabley is one. As John Leycester Warren—his name before he succeeded to the title—he wrote many strikingly beautiful poems in the magazines of the sixties. He contributed largely to "St. Paul's," a magazine edited by Anthony Trollope, and fully worthy of ranking with the "Cornhill" of that day. His fellow-poets on "St. Paul's" included George Meredith and Austin Dobson.

Mrs. Meynell is another of the poets who had won recognition before she came to the Bodley Head. Her one book of poems, "Preludes," has had no successor. It is one of the few absolutely perfect books in the literature of to-day. No fuller music could be more exquisite than those shadowy, elusive "Preludes." The book was published by Henry King, of Cornhill, in 1875—the year Lady Butler, Mrs. Meynell's sister, made her first tremendous success with the "Roll-Call." The young artist was mobbed at railway stations, and when she called at a house the crowds gathered to watch her depart—her picture had so keenly touched the national heart of England. No doubt the overweening success of the great picture pushed out of sight the exquisite, assured success of the delicate poetry that came side by side with it. "Preludes" was burnt up in a fire at the publishing house, and its author, whose poems must be overheard rather than heard, so little insistent are they, never thought of their republication till the Bodley Head brought spring to all the poets. Eighteen months ago her poems were republished there, with a companion book of her essays—two slender gray and silver volumes which contain more literature than many score of volumes that come with a bray of trumpets. I doubt, myself, that Mrs. Meynell will ever be a popular poet, but she will always be a poet's poet. Her prose has the qualities of her poetry. She has the finest thoughts and the finest art of expressing them, so that her expression could not be bettered.

Francis Thompson

Messrs. Matthews & Lane have promised us for some time a book of poems by Mrs. Graham Tomson, whose name will be well known to American readers. Mrs. Tomson published the "Bird Bride," her first book, with Messrs. Longman in 1888. Her second book, "A Summer Night," was published by Messrs. Methuen a couple of years later. The style of the second book is a remarkable departure from the first; for, while the first was full of the romantic feeling of the Border ballads, the second, more deft and accomplished, yet less fresh, had the sophisticated London air to perfection. London poets have a way of falling in love with the big city and of praising her allurements in verse polished and witty, as becomes the town. Mrs. Tomson's first book as compared to her second was as the half-haunted maiden of a ballad to a fine town lady with a salon of courtiers and poets.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne

Mrs. Radford has published one slender volume with the Bodley Head, and has another in preparation. Hers are tiny songs, sweet and perfect in their fashion—the merest glimpses of a woman's tender heart. Mrs. Radford's husband, Ernest Radford, is also a Bodley Head poet and a member of the Rhymers' Club, which includes some of the most notable of the younger poets of to-day. Ernest Radford's verse is simple and manly, with a good lyrical lilt. He has published one book with Messrs. Matthews & Lane—"Chambers Twain."

Miss Emily Hickey, formerly Secretary to the Browning Society, has transferred to Messrs. Matthews & Lane her last volume of poems. Miss Hickey has two great admirations, Browning and Roden Noel, and one may say her poetry is informed by the same enthusiasm for truth and passion for humanity as is to be found in the work of those two poets. Mrs. Elizabeth Rachel Chapman has published with Matthews & Lane her "A Little Child's Wreath," a tender sonnet-sequence in memory of a dearly beloved child. To the Bodley Head also Frances Wynne transferred her one exquisite book of a girl's songs—"Whisper!" No book one can recall represents a girl's thoughts so faithfully. It is so arch, so naïve, so sad and glad, so petulant and winsome. What the woman would have given us out of her deeper experience who shall say? She died in the second year of her married life, aged twenty-seven, and rich in life's best experiences already.

A very large proportion of the Bodley Head poets are Celts—Irish, Welsh, or Cornish. There is a confraternity of the poets known as the Rhymers' Club, which numbers several Bodley Head men in its ranks. It meets at intervals to read and hear read the poems of members. Matthews & Lane have published two volumes of these poems. The Club at present counts fourteen members. One of the most important, Mr. John Davidson, is unrepresented in either of the volumes. He is a Scotchman, the author of some very remarkable plays, of two or three volumes of poems, and of "Fleet Street Eclogues," a book of dialogues in verse, which proves a strong and original mind. Mr. W. B. Yeats is an Irish contributor. Lovers of poetry look to this young man with great hope. He is as surely a poet as Keats or Shelley, and has the art of not

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only seeing his fairy world of imagination, but of making us see. Mr. Stevenson is one of the latest readers to be glamoured by his "Lake Island of Inisfree." What a mirage of poetry is this in the waste desert of the world!

I will arise and go now, and go to Inisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-land glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavement gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Mr. Lionel Johnson is a Welsh-born Irishman, and so doubly a Celt. He is the most notable contributor to the Rhymers' Book after Mr. Yeats, though he has not as yet published a volume of his own poems. There is one coming in the autumn, which will be an event in the world of poetry. His poetry is strong, noble, and austere—the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a voice informed with the same Christian hope and faith. He is a Catholic, as is Ernest Dowson, who writes the most perfect songs of their kind, with an Elizabethan grace and music.

Mr. Arthur Symons is a Cornishman born in Wales, but how different from those other Celts! His poetry is that of an over-fine civilization—sensuous, luxurious, delicate-handed poetry, which says in every line, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" Art and music jostle in his pages with the dancing-girl and the troubled love of the flesh. It is alluring, silken poetry, but there is no hope in it. It is the poetry of *décadence*.

Mr. Ernest Rhys is a Welshman, and much in love with his national legends and associations, which he renders finely. Dr. Todhunter is an Irishman. His classical plays have the Greek beauty of form and pure color. Mr. Greene is an Irishman. He has translated in a most scholarly and refined way the lyrics of modern Italy. Mr. Rolleston is an Irishman. So also is Mr. Hillier. Mr. Ernest Radford is a Cornishman. There remain two or three "mere Englishmen" of the Rhymers' Club.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse published his "Corn and Poppies" as one of the very first books of the Bodley Head. It contains beautiful poetry, delicately imagined, and rendered with exquisite taste. He is the colleague of Messrs. Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse at the Board of Trade. Richard Garnett has also published a volume of thoughtful and stately poetry with the publishers of young poets, but he is of an elder generation. Then there is Mr. Arthur Benson, the brother of the author of "Dodo," but how unlike is his austere, conscientious, Wordsworth-like poetry to the cheap glitter of his brother's wares! Then, too, there is Mr. Laurence Binyon, a winner of the Newdigate, and the author of refined though not very impulsive poetry; and, again, Mr. Herbert Horne, of "Diversi Colores," a lover of mediæval art, and the editor of "The Hobby Horse," where æstheticism says its last word. "Diversi Colores" is somewhat archaic, but has charm and color withal.

Matthews & Lane publish for Mr. Oscar Wilde, whom one cannot claim, however, as a Bodley Head poet. They publish him in very expensive volumes, strangely illustrated by that artist of debased cleverness, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. The Bodley Head goes in for eccentric artists. Their most beautifully produced book was the "Silver-prints" of Mr. John Gray, the contents of which must be looked upon as a somewhat unpleasant joke.

At Michaelmas Messrs. Matthews & Lane dissolve partnership [This event has now taken place.—THE EDITORS.], so this article hails for perhaps the last time together the excellent company of poets who have made the Bodley Head famous. The event will make no little stir in the London literary world, which is already agitated in its inner borders by the news of the great split in Parnassus.

Impressions of Dr. Holmes

By Edward Everett Hale

To us here, who knew Dr. Holmes and saw him in the street or often met him elsewhere, there is a sense of personal loss which makes criticism of his intellectual work or estimates of his place in literature irksome, and, indeed, painful. It is not merely the circle of people who met him to talk with him. It is the much larger company of people who saw, who read, or who knew what he did, and who were grateful for some touch or word of sympathy which he, perhaps, had wholly forgotten.

It is a pleasure to know that, till the very last, he enjoyed life and went and came in his usual habit, without calling himself sick. He walked to church the last Sunday he was in Beverly. I met a friend yesterday who walked the platform with him at the station the day he came up to his house in town. And in his last illness he suffered no pain.

I can well understand that the man who is at this moment reading "The Autocrat" in his far-away cabin in the mountains feels that "The Autocrat" is talking to him really as a friend, and is willing to show him himself. Now, this was just the charm of your talk with Dr. Holmes, in his own study, or in an omnibus, or at a dinner-party, and it gave the vividness to his wonderful speeches, serious or humorous, on public occasions. Remember that he was serious quite as often as he was humorous. Simply, he was not afraid of himself. He was not ashamed to show himself. In talking with you he would let you into the secret of mental processes, or of feelings much deeper than mental process, such as many men guard with reserve. I am not sure, if you analyzed your feeling when you came away, that it would not come out in this form: "He can trust me, and he knows that I shall not put all this into the newspaper." He liked society. He never let you know that you bored him. And his mind was so quick, while his memory ranged so far, that he could not well say anything which was not interesting.

I can remember perfectly that one of the most distinguished literary man I ever met was clearly saving up his best things for his books. Now, Dr. Holmes had no occasion to do that. He had only to open his mouth or to take his pen, and whatever came first was worth remembering or recording.

I have once or twice heard stupid people call him vain. But this only shows, not that he was vain, but that they were stupid. Thus I can imagine a dull medical student, quite unused to vivacity of expression anywhere, quite misconceiving him. Suppose Dr. Holmes should say, what he probably never did say, as he took a piece of chalk and stood at a blackboard:

"How fortunate it is that we should have this drawing made by the best draughtsman in America, who is at the same time the most learned demonstrator in anatomy!" You and I would laugh and be glad we were on such confidential terms with our Professor that he could say such things. But Job Slow would write home to his mother that the Professor was the vainest man he ever saw.

Young writers must not take the feeling that his work was slap-dash and unstudied because he was frank and ready in expression. We all know how carefully the poetry was elaborated. I think he would be sorry if he thought that young authors did not know how accurate he was and how precise in study. He would verify a quotation or make himself sure of a date. He would secure the right broken lights for his picture with most conscientious diligence. His interesting collection of books is very strong in books of reference, and I know no one who is left who knows as well as he knew the degree of reliance to be placed on such authorities. If you got his opinion in a matter of history, or on a question of literature, or, I think, in a specialty in his own profession, where I am not a judge, you had something to rely upon as first-rate authority. You came to consider it so. And pray observe that he put himself and all this resource at your service in the most cordial way. If you went to ask him a question, your business became his business, and before he had done with

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you he had given you in that affair all that he had and all that he was. You see, of course, what is the moral quality of such cordiality, and you see what I meant when I said that we all regarded him as a friend.

I wonder if you have noticed in some of his more playful essays his real curiosity about coincidences. I think it involved a feeling that there is often a profound spiritual law concealed beneath them which we do not now comprehend. He and I pretended that we belonged to a society of which my mother was president, he was vice-president, and I was secretary. It was called "The Society of those People who think they shall Know more about some Things by and by." There were no unofficial members. We seldom met but that each of us had a new coincidence with which to astonish the other. Once in Field & Osgood's parlor, with James Freeman Clarke as the judge, we had a sort of dramatic eclogue. I told an extraordinary coincidence, he told another, and Clarke was to be the judge which was the more remarkable. But, alas! Mr. Aldrich was present. He said it ill became him to compete in the presence of two of the older men who worked for "The Row," but he would venture to tell a little coincidence of his own; and Clarke awarded the prize to Aldrich!

I heard a very wise critic say that humor in itself brings people near each other, and that, other things being equal, a man really alive with humor almost compels people to open their hearts to him. This is true, certainly if the people are Americans, or otherwise have any sense of humor. But in Dr. Holmes's case you may go further than this. His loyal faith in mankind, his loyal faith in the country and the age, compelled people who had been attracted by his humor to trust him for his courage. I am sure that for one I should say that, while he was one of the most entertaining and interesting of men, he was at the same time one of the most serious of men. You see this fun bubbling on the surface. There are depths below which you do not see at first, and will not soon be exhausted. For a man of quick wit and brilliant humor may be very serious. And it is certain that no man will gain the regard and respect of the men around him, constantly increasing for more than half a century, who does not draw deeply on the eternities.

Hints for Readers

Please suggest a course of reading, long or short, as a preparation for a tour of Italy by two of your more or less well-informed and observant readers, and oblige

TRAVELER.

SHORT COURSE

George Eliot, "Romola;" Hawthorne, "The Marble Faun," "Italian Note-Books;" Howells, "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," "Modern Italian Poets;" the Poems on Italian subjects by Robert Browning; Baedeker's and Meyer's Handbooks; Hare, "Walks in Rome," "Days Near Rome," "Cities of Italy;" Burckhardt, "Cicerone," "Renaissance;" Symonds, "Renaissance" (condensed); Creighton, "Primer History of Rome;" Arthur Gilman, "Story of Rome;" Bryce, "Holy Roman Empire;" Mrs. Oliphant, "The Makers of Florence," "The Makers of Venice;" Yriarte, "Florence;" Reber, "History of Art;" Cole, "Old Italian Masters;" Morelli, "Italian Painters;" Snell, "Primer of Italian Literature."

LONG COURSE

Includes the above and: Andersen, "The Improvisatore;" Manzoni, "The Betrothed;" Grossi, "Marco Visconti;" Story, "Roba di Roma;" Crawford, "A Roman Singer" and the "Saracinesca" series; Isaac Henderson, "The Prelate," "Agatha Page;" Tinker, "Signor Monaldini's Niece," "By the Tiber;" Ruffini, "Doctor Antonio;" Wiseman, "Fabiola;" De Amicis, "Italy," "Cuore;" Stendhal, "Promenades dans Rome," "Rome, Naples, et Florence;" Walter Pater, "The Renaissance;" Ruskin, "Mornings in Florence," "Val d'Arno," "Stones of Venice," "St. Mark's Rest," "Verona;" Symonds, "The Italian Renaissance," "Life of Michael Angelo," "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," "Studies in Italy," "Italian Byways," "A Study of Dante;" Taine, "Voyage en Italie;" Herman Grimm, "Essays," "Life of Raphael," "Life of Michael Angelo;" Villari, "Life of Macchiavelli," "Life of Savonarola;" Roscoe, "Lorenzo the Magnificent," "Leo the Tenth;" Macchiavelli, "History of Florence;" Mazarde, "Life of Cavour;" Lanciani, "Ancient Rome;" Mommsen, "History of Rome;" Duruy, "History of Rome;" Gibbon, "Decline and Fall;" Ranke, "History of the Popes;" Reuchlin, "Geschichte Italiens;" Sismondi, "History of the Italian Republics;" Botta, "Storia d'Italia;" Gregorovius, "Geschichte der Stadt Rom;" Wey, "Rome;" Freeman, "The Story of Sicily," "The History of Sicily," "Historical and Architectural Sketches;" Scaife, "Florentine Life in the Renaissance;" Weil, "The Story of Venice;" Lübke, "History of Art;" Street, "Gothic Architecture of North Italy;" Mitchell, "History of Ancient Sculpture;" Mrs. Jameson, "History of Our Lord," "Legends of the Madonna," "Legends of the Saints," "Legends of the Monastic Orders," "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters;" Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Painting in Italy," "Life of Raphael," "Life of Titian;" Stearns, "Tintoretto;" Károly, "The Paintings of Florence," "Raphael's Madonnas;" Clapin, "Italian Primer;" Bévenot, "Italian Grammar;" Wessely, "Italian-English and English-Italian Dictionary;" and, if possible in the original, the poems of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Leopardi, and Carducci, some of the dramas of Goldoni, Metastasio, Alfieri, Cossa, and Giacosa, and the novels of Manzoni, Grossi, Fogazarro, Serao, De Amicis, and Verga; also Plumptre, "Studies in Dante;" Oscar Browning, "Dante," "Guelphs and Ghibellines;" Gaspary, "Italienische Litteratur;" Phillimore, "Studies in Italian Literature;" Carducci, "Studii Letterarii;" and Fenini, "Letteratura Italiana."

The "R"[1]

By the Rev. Alfred J. P. McClure

Not long ago the King's Daughters of our Philadelphia suburban neighborhood had one hundred and eighty Italian children, with their mothers, in the woods for an all-day picnic. They came out at ten, wild, incorrigible little savages; they went away at half-past five, having had four meals in the meantime, the most pliant and tractable little animals imaginable; and I believe if it were possible to keep them full a sufficient length of time, a habit of gentleness would begin to settle upon them. It is astonishing what can be accomplished through the feeding process in fishing after men. The Chinese must have understood this when they placed the seat of the understanding in the stomach. Eating and drinking have inaugurated many enterprises. It is a successful method and a legitimate one, and therefore we have adopted it as the basis of our invitation and work at the "R" in Philadelphia, to give an account of which is the purpose of this article.

About two years ago, Miss Mary W. Schott, a King's Daughter and a teacher of a large Bible-class of women in a prominent church in Philadelphia, having a small contingent of men constantly attending the class, the husbands and brothers of the women, felt that it would be an excellent thing to have these King's Sons exercising their spiritual gifts in some practical work. She had means, but, above all, she had the true King's Daughter's spirit, and so she laid violent hands upon a young clergyman of her acquaintance, who was consumed with enthusiasm for practical work and bursting with untried ideas and plans for reaching men. The problem set him was men for work and work for men, and it soon resolved itself into an effort to reach the ordinary mechanic and workingman, who, after he is washed and dressed from his work in the evening, feels the social impulse driving him to seek companionship among his fellows on the street or elsewhere. And this is often the result: if the weather is cold or disagreeable, he finds his way into the always open, welcoming, warm, and bright saloon. He goes there primarily not for drink, we believe, but in most cases ends by giving the proprietor something for drink, because he feels mean in going away without paying something for the cheer and brightness and comfort afforded. The best in the man suggests this. Again, in the often cramped and inhospitable surroundings of the poor man's home, one can easily understand how the young boy or man, even with a desire for reading, finds the gratification of his taste impossible at home. The father may be grumpy or the mother cross, or the children crying (and they all may have abundant reason for being and doing so), or the young man may not be able to find a comfortable corner, even if he has books, and so, for one reason or another, he is driven into the streets, and easily finds his way into the saloon or tobacco-store with its many times baleful influences. How shall these be replaced?—and they must be replaced. Men cannot be saved from the low that is ready and accessible and pleasant, unless there is supplied the high that is equally ready and welcoming and accessible. Human nature abhors a vacuum.

We have in Philadelphia, on a corner where three streets meet—a very Gibraltar for location—attempted to put a substitute for the saloon. It is located down near the great brick-making yards of the city and the Point Breeze Oil-Works. It is a three-story brick house, and is called the

[1] The substance of an address delivered by the Rev. Alfred J. P. McClure before the King's Daughters' Convention at the Long Beach Summer Parliament, Friday, July 13, 1894.

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"R." At once you ask, "Why such a peculiar name?" As we consulted together, the King's Sons, some workmen, and I, as to the naming of the institution, we hesitated greatly at the word coffee-house. You know how easily the finger of false scorn can be pointed at one who turns a little to the right from a saloon. We did not want to work against any odds that could be avoided. As fishers of men we wanted the bait to be just right. Finally it was suggested that perhaps we could get at a name by thinking over what we intended to do. So there were counted off upon the fingers the words "resort, restaurant, recreation, reading-room, rest, reformation, religion," etc.—every word, strangely enough, beginning with the letter R, and, half-playfully, it was said, "Why not call it the 'R'?" Several other names were discussed, and the matter was dropped for the time. But, to our surprise, the letter was taken up by the men of the neighborhood, and we began hearing questions like this: "Are you coming back to the 'R' to-morrow night?" And so the strange thing grew, and now our definition of the "R" is simply given in these words: "It is a restaurant, or place of resort, where men may rest and partake of refreshments, and afterwards find recreation in reading, while the King's Sons work for their reformation by means of religion." And so you will find on the windows of our corner house, amidst the highly decorated advertisements of soft drinks and cigars and tobacco, a huge letter "R," at which the passer-by may and does stare and surmise that this is a regimental headquarters, and we say, "Yes, of the Nation Guards, Company R, the King's Sons;" or that it is a railroad office, and we say, "Yes, the Royal Railway route, conducted by the King's Sons."

But we have gotten on in spite of our name. There is no invitation other than the advertisements on the windows. No religious invitation. We began by selling what Paddy called sweetened wind—soda water; and milk shakes, called by this same humorist victuals and drink. There is at first a business reason for coming to the house, and no other. Men do find afterward other reasons for coming. We are trying to beat Satan at his own game. Moike and Pat going to church at Christmas-time, after a long period of neglect on their part, found the chancel and altar magnificently decorated. At first they were very devout, and kept their eyes well down below the top of the pew, but finally Paddy's eyes got a little above, and the sight was so marvelous that he nudged Moike and said, "Look there, Moike; that beats the divil." "Hush!" said Moike, "that's the intention." That is the purpose of the "R." It is a place for the encouragement of legitimate thirst. We find that men are hungry and thirsty much beyond their mere physical wants, and we encourage that, too, in every way.

A short description of the house may be helpful to an understanding of the work. As mentioned before, the building is a three-story brick, standing directly upon a corner where three streets meet. Its two bulk windows are highly decorated with enticing signs inviting the passers-by to come in and partake of a large variety of drinks and tobaccos. Within the first room are small tables with chairs, and a counter, or substitute for "the bar." Back of this room is one furnished likewise with tables and chairs, games and newspapers. Here the men can sit and smoke and play with perfect freedom during the day or evening. In the second story two front rooms have been turned together by means of double doors and handsomely furnished with carpets, pictures, easy chairs, etc. It also contains a library of six hundred volumes and tables loaded with magazines, a handsome piano—the gift of the mother of our patron—and other pleasing adornments. As the beautiful furnishings for these upper rooms poured down upon us from Miss Schott, we felt that perhaps we were becoming too fine for our work, and that it might not be desirable. But experience has shown that such really elegant surroundings have had a quieting effect upon the class of men who gather there, for although, since we opened, in October, 1892, over twenty-five thousand men have passed through the house, nothing has been broken or destroyed willfully. On the same floor we have also a conference-room, where baseball men, musicians, and committees of various kinds meet. On the third floor are the class-rooms and the rooms of the matron and her helper. The house is open from seven o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening. It is closed on Sunday, but open on all holidays. Every evening two of the King's Sons—clerks, mechanics, workmen, themselves—go down to the "R," faithfully and patiently, to direct, protect, and welcome, with the matron and her assistant, the men who gather there. We have been greatly blessed in a good matron, herself a King's Daughter, devoted, loving, tactful, who, with patient and discerning sympathy, has guided and controlled during the day the interests of the house. So great is the respect and love of the rough men for this frail woman that nothing needs doing about the house but a dozen ready hands are offered to do it. In this manner the broad pavements on either side of the house have been kept scrupulously clean from snow and dirt, and even the great bulk windows frequently washed. Mentioning the need of a pair of tongs one day, she received the next morning an old pair of Irish tongs, with the following words scrawled on a piece of paper:

"My dear Miss McKim,
I can't sing you no hymn,
But I can lend you a good pair of tongs.
Keep your fingers from stains
While here you remains,
And return them to where they belongs."

In addition to the evening visits of two of the Kings' Sons on each night of the week (out of a band of from ten to fourteen), on every Monday evening of the year the clergyman goes down, and in the two upper rooms meets as many men as care to talk over with him the affairs of the week, in the city, State, Nation, or world, using the admirable summary of the week given in The Outlook, together with the wide-awake articles in the "Review of Reviews," as a guide in the discussions. Every matter of interest is touched upon: trolley lines in the city, strikes, Wilson Tariff Bill, war in Korea, and even prize-fights and races. There is abundant opportunity for teaching practical morality, the value of cleanliness, courtesy, pure politics, etc. At first there was an amusing distrust of the clergyman, and there were various whispers heard as to his probable intention. He was surely going to start a mission or a Sunday-school or a prayer-meeting. He was "up to something"—"you'd soon see." By and by these murmurs died away, and now I think the parson is fairly trusted.

It was simply the intention, at first, to furnish a place of resort. But, shortly after the house was open, a King's Daughter, unknown to us, hearing of the work, wrote, saying that she was a teacher of mechanical drawing and would like to give us a night a week if it was so desired. At once a room was fitted up with drawing-tables, and an interesting class gathered. This suggested various other things, and last winter we had four men teaching on various nights shorthand, arithmetic, music both vocal and instrumental, carpentering and joining. One hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of fine instruments and tools were bought, and not one has been broken or stolen. For every class there is a charge of ten cents per lesson. Of course these lessons are an addition to the original idea, not the purpose for which we exist. We are glad to do these things, but primarily our work is simply to counteract the saloon by affording a loafing-place under uplifting auspices. We are not bound to any special plan or way of doing the work, no more than the saloons. As the neighborhood changes—as it has done to a remarkable degree—methods shall be changed. We shall do as the wise physician does—diagnose the case and use new remedies when needed. Numberless interesting incidents and encouraging signs might be given did space permit. In conclusion, we believe that the house is doing a good work, simply and quietly, very like the ordinary store in appearance, and that men are being reached and the stone rolled away. Those who come are being built up in self-respect, manliness, cleanliness, and upward desires, and by and by the churches will reap the harvest. Men go past in the evenings grimy,

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soiled, tired, and within an hour or so they are back at the "R," bright and clean, reading, playing games, etc. Their social side drives them out to seek comradeship, and they have a place other than the ever-open and welcoming saloon—it is the ever-open, welcoming "R."

It is pleasant to record that at the end of the first year our patron was so gratified with the success of the work that she bought the house and has since made provision for its endowment.

The Spectator

There is always among college men more or less talk about the Harvard manner. As a matter of fact, Harvard men should be conspicuous for their gentility and polish, but the Spectator does not claim that for them; for, indeed, so far as he has been able to make out, they are, as a general thing, pretty much like other tolerably well educated Americans—distinguished in no particular regard whatever. But there are two American schools which turn out two distinct types—types which become more marked as the men grow older. The Spectator alludes to West Point and to Annapolis. That types should be produced at these schools is primarily due to the fact that they are professional schools for the training of soldiers and sailors. But that the type should be so distinct long after the academic life is past is due to the restraints of military and naval life. The material that goes to West Point and Annapolis is no better than that at any other American college. Any well-instructed boy of fourteen should be able to pass the examination into either school. But when the raw lads come out from either of these schools they have been through a molding process which it must be nigh impossible for them to recover from. Then in the army and the navy these young men are required always to be gentlemen; it is not merely a matter of choice, but one of compulsion. All this—early training and later habit—gives to American naval and army men a manner and a deportment that make them distinguished the world over for politeness and consideration for the feelings and rights of others. Whether these men be met in club smoking-rooms, in the field, or in the ball-room, they always show at its best what American manhood is capable of when regulated by discipline and polished by habit.

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Notwithstanding the fact that the officers of the American army are the very pink of courtesy, they sometimes, in post and garrison life, have very unpleasant social experiences. An officer in a garrison is assigned quarters, not according to the necessities of his family, but in accordance with his rank. It therefore comes about quite frequently, when a new officer is sent to a post, that there are many changes of quarters so as to make room for him. When a new major arrives, for instance, he selects the quarters that suit him best, it matters not who occupies them, provided the occupant is below him in rank. He can turn out a major lower on the list, or any captain or lieutenant, and each of these, when dispossessed, can chose for himself what quarters suit him best, if occupied by an inferior in rank. One move, therefore, may make a dozen others. The women of the army, it is said, are greater sticklers for these rights than the men. But the men themselves, while preserving all the forms of highest courtesy, sometimes push their authority to its fullest limits. For instance, at a two-company post in the West some years ago, a captain of infantry was in command, as his commission was of older date than that of the captain of cavalry also there. These two captains were mutually antipathetic. In their official intercourse all the forms were observed, but still it was plain to all that they cordially disliked each other. One day the senior captain ordered the junior to take a file of men to the forest and cut the fire-wood needed for the winter. This duty ordinarily would have been given to a sergeant or corporal. The cavalry captain had no recourse, and was obliged to obey. Just as he got outside the post, the mail, which came only now and then at intervals of a week or so, arrived, and the cavalryman stopped for his letters. One of these brought him his commission as major. He at once issued an order taking command of the post, and then another order assigned the wood-chopping duty to the late commandant. This was picturesque justice, and the unpleasant assignment was well deserved by the infantry captain; but it has always seemed to the Spectator that the cavalryman would have shown himself a better gentleman if he had assigned the duty in the usual way to a non-commissioned officer or to a junior lieutenant. But maybe it is too much to ask of men of war that they should have the forbearance of saints and forgive their enemies when the latter are delivered up to them.

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While rank in the army and navy is all-compelling, it some times brings about a strange condition of things. During our war younger brothers often had their elders under command, and in one notable instance the father-in-law served on the staff of his daughter's husband. The Spectator alludes to the case of General McClellan and General Marcy. But, on account of the slow promotion in the artillery arm of the United States Army, there is likely soon to be a stranger state of affairs than has ever existed before in this country. In one of the artillery regiments is a lieutenant who was graduated from West Point twenty-eight years ago. Though an excellent officer, and though he stood well up in his class, he is still a lieutenant, and it is likely that several years will pass before he is entitled to the two bars of a captain. His eldest son went to West Point as soon as he was old enough, and, not standing quite as high in his class as his father had in his, the son was assigned to the cavalry. Promotion has been quicker in the cavalry, and if the son does not outrank the father while both are captains, he is pretty sure to do so when they are majors—that is, if the father reaches his majority before he gets to be sixty-four years old and has to be retired. As Mr. Gilbert has said, it would be a "pretty how-do-you-do" if this state of affairs should be brought about, and father and son should happen to be at the same station. Exactly this thing happened in the Russo-Turkish war, when the younger (and more famous) General Skobeleff had his father under his command. And Mr. Forbes tells us that the young general threatened jocosely to put the old general under arrest if he would not pay up his son's debts!

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In discussing affairs in the East with a naval officer the other day, the Spectator ventured the fear that if two great modern ships of war should ever fight at close quarters, they would both be apt to go to the bottom of the sea. The naval officer said that there could be little doubt of it. The only use, therefore, that the Spectator can see of these great and costly fighting-machines is to overawe weaker powers. If one vessel is sure to sink another, and also sink herself, then naval warfare has become a matter of exact mathematics, and where one power has ten vessels of the modern sort, and another twelve, then the latter is sure to have two left after the whole fleet of the adversary has been destroyed. This is a costly and a brutal mode of warfare, but all warfare is both one and the other. The great captains appear to have been those who could bring the greater against the lesser number and destroy them while still having a force left, if the weaker did not inflict more than the reasonable and looked-for damage to the stronger side in the conflict. The same naval officer just alluded to said that nothing was likely to be proved by the war between China and Japan as to the efficiency of modern men-of-war as fighting-machines, because he held that the Chinese were so inferior to the Japanese as men that the latter were sure to whip them under any circumstances. From close observation he judged the Japanese to be among the most enlightened of modern nations, while in the main he thought the Chinese had advanced very little over the ancient Orientals of walled cities and closed ports. These observations were made before intelligence had reached America of the great Japanese victories.

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The Home

The Soul of Personal Work

To hold one's self in true relation to one's work requires an absolute control of the mind and the clearest conception of the supremacy of the work to the worker. The tendency of the average mind is to subordinate the work to the worker; to see work only from the personal standpoint; to make it a platform from which to hold the public eye. The only work worth doing is that to which one imparts independent vitality. The minister who so conducts his work as to make it depend on his presence has a paltry view of his office. The teacher who does not impart a love of learning to his pupils may inspire them with love for himself, but he has done an untold injury to those he was set over to train, not to personal admiration, but to a love for learning that would make them men of culture, of use.

To think of one's self always as a means to an end, not an end, keeps the mind in obedience to authority; and that authority recognized and obeyed is the evidence of one's relation to his work. The success of every work undertaken depends on its cumulative power. As the infant becomes the man by that hidden power we call growth, so in every work the measure of its success depends on its power of growth. And this power depends on the health of the body, not on a pulling upward or forward by main strength of an individual or a group of individuals. A loosening of this grasp means loss of impulse; the letting go means death.

The true worker sees, not himself, but his work, and uses himself to minister to it.

The world to-day needs impersonal workers—men and women who can give themselves to a cause, to a principle, with only one question—Is my attitude one that gives life, vitality, to this work with which I am identified?

The truest Worker the world ever knew died a malefactor's death; the work he left has brought the world's salvation. Men know God because the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Wells College[1]

By Celeste W. Herrick

In 1868 Wells College, the Alma Mater of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, received its charter according to the laws of the State of New York, with full power to "grant and confer such honors, degrees, and diplomas as are granted by any university, college, or seminary in the United States."

Three systematic, prescribed courses of study are offered: the regular course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the scientific course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; and the literary course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Literature. The amount and quality of work required are equivalent, and the general principles of administration are the same, in all three courses.

Special courses of study under certain limitations are also open to students.

Music receives particular attention. Measures are taken to make students not only good performers, but musical generally. Superior facilities for instruction in drawing and painting are also offered. Classes in freehand drawing are open to all.

On admission to the College young women become members of the family, and subject to its regulations. Great stress is laid upon the cultivation of courteous deportment.

While the College is a Christian institution, it is not sectarian.

Located on the eastern bank of Cayuga Lake, at Aurora, New York, Wells College is free from all influences injurious to health.

The charge for board and tuition is four hundred dollars per annum.

[1] Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, July 28, August 4, August 18, September 1, September 15, September 22, and October 6, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Barnard, Woman's College of Baltimore, and Radcliffe, respectively.

Self-Expression of College Women

By F. T. P. P.

The college woman is still to-day an object of a prominence fostered by criticism. Friends and foes alike have, in varying ways, kept up the warfare of comment, and it is certain that the colleges have learned much through criticism. There is one point, however, which opponents and friends of the higher education bring against the present management of the colleges—a point which one often hears mentioned, but only rarely publicly expressed—that there is a deficiency in the training: it does not give to the young woman proper expression for herself, for her personality.

In the presentation of this phase of college training for women the question comes, How much can we expect of a young woman when she leaves college? The average of age at the finish is twenty-two years; how much more shall we demand of our college graduate than of the girl who has spent her corresponding school years at a so-called finishing school, or under the guidance of home teaching?

The most prominent side to the college training to-day is undoubtedly the intellectual discipline. The common opinion is that the college graduate gains knowledge; that she is familiar with literature and history; that she has mastered some of the sciences; that she has studied mathematics; that she can read Greek and Latin and some modern languages. That due consideration is given to the training for character and morals is proved by the many earnest and conscientious women college graduates devoted to religious and philanthropic work.

There is a higher conception of ourselves, however, than that we are made for mental achievement or religious uses merely. The whole being working symmetrically attains the greatest result. It is the combination of our gifts properly trained which gives us our best selves; and it is the presentation of this multiformed, many-sided whole which is the important factor in our success.

As the girl develops, as her mind is opening and receiving, her spiritual powers are developing, her varied emotions are strengthening, how shall she begin to express the personality which is forming in her? Forces have developed in her; has the power to best assimilate and use them also developed? Each one of us, whether man or woman, possesses a personality differing from any other, and through that we have our work in the world to perform. The more attractive and impressive we make that personality, the more force we possess in our daily life; and this is accomplished through mental acquirements, experience that develops judgment, and moral purpose of a high order. Our personality should be expressed in the most attractive way if it is to be an influence.

Whatever one's vocation after leaving college, the possession of an attractive personality is a mighty factor toward success. The physician needs an attractive personality for the best treatment and understanding of his patient, the clergyman needs it to make more attractive his Master's cause, the teacher needs it for the best influence with pupils, the business man needs it for proper success in dealing with others, the father needs it to best impress his growing boy, the mother needs it to win and hold her children's affections. With this demand in later life, it is worthy of consideration in any scheme for education that, with the wealth of knowledge and moral training given, there should be added opportunities for fostering

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and developing a charming and attractive expression of the resultant self.

When we consider that the mediums for the expression of personality are principally physical, we should realize how important it is to train these powers while the mental and moral faculties are growing. When, in our "ascent," we attain to the state which Drummond describes, where we shall no longer need one physical part by which to express ourselves, it may be that some other method will prove more efficient to show the intent of our being. That the body has training and exercise for health each college makes provision, but that it may have training to gain grace and attractiveness, ease and poise, manner and bearing, neatness and order, taste for suitable and neat dress, provision seems too often overlooked.

In our colleges to-day there is a good deal done in the way of large receptions and stated social functions, concerts, and theatricals in which the girls have some social opportunities, as well as in their small societies, which are supposed to furnish a certain social development. Is there sufficient provision made to teach a girl how to use herself on such occasions? Is she acquiring habits of ease and poise in meeting others? Is she being trained to control her thoughts and emotions for their best use if she has no exercise for them except on dress parade or in the society of girls in her own stage of development? The famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in his consideration of education, placed manners next to character; what he wished his pupils to be first of all was Christian gentlemen. "Manners maketh the man" is the motto over one of the old English schools.

In the Saxon nature there is repression enough, and this, often coupled with awkwardness born of self-consciousness, or a certain so-called independence born of weakness or desire to conceal defects, or an unfortunate indifference born of ignorance, denies many the power of expressing themselves. If the girl were in a refined, cultured home, there would be patient reproof for forwardness, there would be gentle encouragement for timidity, there would be rebuffs for affectation, there would be severe and rigorous training for slovenliness. As the habits were forming and mental powers developing, there would be systematic development, an equipment which prevents the development of one power at the expense of others.

Shall we allow the society girl to have all the attractiveness which doubly belongs to the college girl, first because she possesses the same powers if she only knows how to use them, and, secondly, because she has more in herself to express of mental attainment? There is many an alert, active New York society woman who is accomplishing wonders by her own efforts, with almost no mental training or fund of learning. She would never confess, probably, how keenly she feels the lack of systematic mental training. Our college girls, with their magnificent equipment of mind-stores and moral stamina—shall we handicap them by failing to give them practice in using their powers properly? Are we going to compel our girl's mind to develop while we are allowing her to forget that she can present her ideas much more effectively if her hair is neatly and becomingly dressed? Are we fitting her to carry on religious work and hoping for her large influence while we forget to tell her that order is heaven's first law? Are we expecting her to influence others to righteous and higher living by her precept, while we omit to tell her that a forward and officious manner never makes a favorable impression? Are we raising her hopes that she may be an efficient teacher when we do not even see to it that she is forming habits of promptness? Do we allow her to think she can do good work in the world while we neglect to show her clearly how much she must overcome in herself?

Too often is heard the comment, "She may know a great deal, but she has no power of making her influence felt." Graduates themselves bitterly complain of feeling a lack in this regard, with its consequent disadvantages. We do not wish our college graduate to be the incarnation of intellectuality. Where would lie her power to share with others her knowledge? Nor would we have her merely the saintly recluse, with no attractiveness to make others seek high standards; rather, we would have her the gracious, consecrated, clever, strong woman that nature and training intended she should be.

There is an advantage to be gained from a small school presided over by a wise, unselfish, gracious woman. Her personality can impress those near her with its strength, poise, and sweetness, and the impressionable nature of girlhood is only too glad to follow, eager to reach her standard. Women, wiser by social experience than the immature eighteen-year-old girl when she enters college, should plan for and direct the girl's gift of personality, and by wise and interested suggestion make her able to use her powers of brain and will to the best advantage.

One college for women at least has recognized this need, and has chosen for its Dean a woman especially fitted to impress the students with the winning grace and true dignity suitable to a well-balanced mind and high order of character.

When we realize what education means, that it implies a drawing out, a development, then we must expect from the ideal education the fullest development of every power of the individual. We must demand of our college graduate sound health, a trained mind, true moral purpose, strength of character, trained emotions, above all the ability to control and use these powers; the adaptability to meet fellow-creatures and carry to them in an attractive way the message of truth and life of which each personality is capable. It is not enough to know and feel; expression rounds the experience.

Home and School

The new year is generally reckoned by educators as beginning either in September or October. Schools and school work are most prominent now. The mind at this season of the year turns naturally to the question of education. It is of the first importance that there should exist between the homes and the schools relations cordial and sympathetic. It is difficult to make parents understand how closely the progress of their children is related to the parents' attitude toward the school. If the school and the teachers are matters of indifference to the parents, they usually are to the children. If the school and the teachers are subjects of importance and interest to the home, the child feels this, and a new impulse is given to his interest and his attention about that which he feels is of importance in his home. With all the discussion of education in our day, it is still too largely a matter of books. Parents are apt to feel that books and reports represent education, when, in actual fact, the most important factor is the teacher. Books never made a scholar, and reports never made a profession. The book in the hand of a wise teacher should be a means to an end. Too often the book is an end.

A little girl, whose school was about to be changed, said the other day: "I do hope the new teacher will be like Miss ——," mentioning the name of one of the teachers in the school she was to leave. "Why?" was asked. "Oh, because Miss —— made everything so interesting. There isn't any use of my studying arithmetic unless the teacher likes arithmetic." The child had struck the very heart of education. It is an impossible thing for any teacher to teach who is not interesting, and to be interesting she must love her work. It is rather difficult for a teacher to continue interesting if the public accepts her passively, and if she is made to believe, because of the attitude of that public, that her business is to sit in a chair and hear children recite. But if the teacher is made to feel that the public recognizes in her, or him, the prime factor in education; that character as well as book-knowledge has a place in the school-room; that personal appearance is not a matter of indifference; that manners have a legitimate field, that they are, in fact, object-lessons to the ten, twenty, or sixty children in the class-room, the teacher is forced to a new understanding of the public relations of a teacher.

It is only as the public (which in this case means the parents of the children) knows the teacher in her surround-

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ings, not through the telephonic comments of the child, but by actual study of the teacher in the school-room, that the latter will be kept to her highest standards. On the other hand, she cannot maintain her position if she is made an object of constant and severe criticism. It is impossible, except from the teacher's standpoint, to estimate the value of friendly comment and judicious restraint of expressions of disapproval in the presence of children when at home. There can be no antagonism between the school and home that does not destroy the value of the school to the child. There should be no partisanship, for, if the teacher is unfit to teach, the parents should know it and remove the child at once from her influence. If the child is allowed to remain under the control of a teacher, that is a tacit acknowledgment of the teacher's fitness on the part of the parent, and he is morally bound, in his attitude toward the school and teacher and in his conversation, to acknowledge the latter's fitness. Adverse comment on the teacher, with continued attendance of the child to classes under that teacher, simply shows the unfitness of the parent for his relation to the child. To sit calmly at home and criticise a system of education and do nothing to modify it, to comment on the unfitness of a school and let the child attend it, is a mark either of ignorance or of wickedness.

No parent is so busy that he cannot find time, at least once in three months, to call at the school and manifest his interest in the education of his child. Not long since, in one of the magazines there was an article on the public schools of New York, in which illustrations were given of one school-house where in all the rooms artificial light is required all day. That school is a monument to the absolute ignorance or indifference, or both, of the parents of the children who attend it, for if they fulfilled their duties as parents it would have been impossible to have got children enough to attend the school to pay for maintaining it. Laws represent the intelligence of the people governed, and no system of laws or regulations is possible without the consent of the governed. Now, that consent can be either active or passive, and the man who passively accepts conditions which militate against the intellectual growth and physical development of his child is as much of a criminal as the one who actively brings about those conditions.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

May I ask you to tell me, either by letter or through your columns, of the best way of sterilizing milk with the least trouble, not particularly for infants, but for general family daily use? I remember you had an article on the subject in one of this year's numbers, but as I send my paper away after reading it I cannot look that up now. J. T. M. B.

Recently a method has been discovered which is called Pasteuralizing milk. The method is simple. All that is needed are, a tin pail of the required size—three gallons is about the right size for an ordinary family—and a tin pie-plate in which holes have been punched; this can be done with a nail and a hammer. The pie-plate is reversed in the bottom of the tin can. Pint glass jars a little more than half filled with milk are placed on the pie-plate. A three-gallon can will hold six pint and one quart jars. The reason for using pint jars is that small quantities of milk are often needed, and the whole success of keeping the milk after it is Pasteuralized depends on its being so protected that no germ can enter the milk. The mouths of the jars are covered with cotton batting, or, rather, cotton batting is used as a cork in the mouth of each jar. The pail is filled with cold water until the water has reached about one inch above the milk in the jars; the cover is then placed tightly on the pail; put the pail over the heat, whether of alcohol, oil, coal, or whatever fuel used, and let it heat slowly until the thermometer which has been placed in the water records 167 degrees. Remove the pail from the heat and let it cool until the thermometer in the pail registers the same temperature as the room. Take the jars from the water and set aside until needed for use. The first essential of the whole process is absolute cleanliness. The jars must be scalded and, immediately after scalding, closed with a cork of cotton batting, which must not be removed until the milk is put in the jars, when they are closed at once. The cotton must not be removed from the jars until the milk is used. The whole theory is that of killing any germs there may be in the milk. A thermometer suitable for this use can be obtained for about fifty cents at any first-class chemist's. The cheap thermometers sold in dry-goods stores will not answer. State, when buying the thermometer, for what purpose it is needed. Milk treated as directed will keep a week, and the apparatus will cost about one dollar.

Dear Outlook:

You spoke a while ago in your valuable paper of ways of cleansing dresses. I can tell you of a way far superior, by which black goods of all kinds can be restored to newness, cheaply and easily. Take soap-bark; it comes in five-cent packages; turn boiling water on (it will do for two dresses), and let remain back from the fire half an hour; strain; pour more water over the dregs; put on fire while washing. Then press; don't wring; hang over a line till almost dry. Then rinse in the second water, hang in the same way, press on wrong side before dry, and it will look like new, especially goods with silk warp. In making over a dress I concluded I would use the old sleeves for cutting up, and washed them in borax, as I had no bark; but I could not use them with the rest, as they had an old look, while the rest looked precisely like the new.

Borax is a good chemical for using in the rinsing of delicate-colored fabrics in washing.

Dear Outlook:

Can you tell me anything that will kill and exterminate buffalo moths? We have used quarts of corrosive sublimate, benzine, and boiling water, without getting rid of them.

E. C. C.

Some of our readers may know of a positive eradicator. It might be well to try alum-water poured on the floor before the carpet is put down; once in the carpet, incessant oversight. Fine salt sprinkled over the carpet and carefully brushed out, if the house is in a damp climate, would be found to help to eradicate them. Their disappearance is accomplished only at the price of eternal vigilance and effort. We hope some of our readers have discovered some method of destroying these pests.

Dear Outlook:

I would like to know how to make tomato catsup so that it will be smooth and look red, not dark-colored. O. S.

We hope that some of our readers will be able to supply the above correspondent with the recipe for the making of tomato catsup. Her note was sent to an expert, who writes back that cooking always darkens the tomato; that she has given up making catsup, and buys it, finding it more satisfactory than home-made catsup.

Can you tell of a remedy for the yellow fungus that attacks roses?

A well-known horticulturist writes to us in reply to this query as follows:

I have never known any "yellow fungus" to attack roses, and I can think only of the "orange-rust" that is so harmful to the blackberry and raspberry. Until the Bordeaux Mixture was discovered, the only remedy was to burn the affected parts as soon as discovered. The Bordeaux Mixture is now regarded as a remedy. I presume the bushes should be sprayed before the rust (*Uredo rubrorum*) appears.

The Bordeaux Mixture is made as follows: Blue vitriol, one pound; fresh lime, one pound; water, ten gallons.

Dear Outlook:

I would like to add one more game of patience to the two supplied by "F. F. G.," which I hope may be of interest to her mother as well as to the invalid for whom games are requested:

Rules.—1. The game is to build up the whole pack on the four corners.

2. The first card dealt determines the four corners; *e. g.*, a

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three-spot of spades determines the suit of that corner, and the foundation of all four corners.

3. Upon the intervening spaces, the cards being arranged in a square of nine, build down.

4. The uppermost cards of the five intervening spaces are available for the corners, or are interchangeable.

5. Make an extra packet of those cards not available for building upon corners or down between corners, to be drawn from and reduced to nil, if possible.

6. Fill up the intervening spaces from the outside packet as soon as they are vacated. G. B. C.

James Barkerding, Knight

By Kate Dickinson Sweetser

In Three Parts—Part II.

From that minute Queen suspected what was to happen, and she scolded no more at the strange doings of her Court, but quietly lay and watched them, not letting them think that she knew, dreaming a new dream.

"It'll be cream, 'cause I said so," she mused. "Then I needn't be 'shamed any more 'bout never eatin' it. Perhaps it'll be pink an' green. How can I ever wait?"

It was the day before the celebration. Everything was ready, and each of the Court had a very much thumbed list of eatables promised, which they read over and over, as if it might magically grow longer. Mrs. Barkerding, always interested in the doings of the Knights and Ladies, and more than usually so in this, because it was to please her little girl, had promised—magnificent promise!—a quart of ice-cream as her part of the feast; and at the flower-store she had begged a dozen sheets of colored tissue-paper, which were made into flowing capes by cutting a hole in the middle of each for the heads to be put through. These clouds of glory were carefully wrapped in a newspaper and put under the mattress of Jim's cot, while the crown and cape, made out of new gold paper, for the Queen, were hidden in one of the Ladies' rooms. This is the way the list of the presents read:

Mrs. B., Ice creem.
Sir Jim, Peenuts—one doz. gum.
Sir Fred, One candel. Bottel to put it in.
Sir Emil, A 10 cent cake and candel.
Sir Fritz, 1 doz. jaw-breakers.
Sir Harry, 6 pop corn balls.
Sir Ned, Ginger cakes.
Ladies, Sticks peppermint—2 lemons, paper napkens.
All of us—gold paper.

The Ladies could not give as largely as the Knights, because, not earning anything themselves, their share of pocket-money was smaller; but they had given their time, and made all of the capes and the crown, and felt that they had done their share.

"When we get all that together, and the cream too, nobody could want nothin' better, 'cept they asked for the earth," Jim said, rapturously, when they read the list at their last meeting in Emil's room, and compared it with the dainties spread out on the bed.

"Guess she'll most die when she sees the cream," he added, as they carefully put the feast away again, and separated with a few last words and plans.

As Jim stood out in the hall a moment, thinking of the next day's joy, his mother's voice beside him made him look up.

"Jim," she said, "I've bad news for you."

Jim stuck his hands in his pockets, and never moved his eyes from her face.

"Go ahead!" he said.

"The rent must be paid to-morrow," she said, "but that would have been all right if they hadn't cut me down this month on wages. We only knew about it to-day, but work is so slack that they had to do it, they say. Anyway, it will be all I can do, with your paper-money to help, to pay for Queen's medicines and meet the rent, without giving you the ice-cream."

Jim's face fell, and he gave a gasp.

"Be brave, dear," she added. "There'll be only ourselves disappointed, for Queen doesn't know a thing about it. It makes me feel worse than it does you."

And Mrs. Barkerding went on upstairs quickly to hide the moisture in her eyes and the tremble in her voice, for to surround her little Queen with comforts and luxuries was her greatest longing, and an almost bitter feeling was tugging at her heartstrings to feel that she could not give her even this smallest pleasure.

Jim, meanwhile, below, gave way to uncontrollable anger. He was a fiery little fellow, anyway—very impulsive; and now he was too disappointed to endure it. He went out and kicked the foundation of the house until he was dizzy, gave a small boy who asked him an innocent question a cuff on the head, and finally strode off in a white heat of rage—not against his mother, but against the whole world.

"'Twon't be a party—'twon't be no fun—'twon't be nothin', 'thout that; an' Queen 'll think it's comin' 'cause I asked her 'bout it. I ain't a-goin'. Wisht I hadn't been such a donkey. Wisht I had all the money that feller has"—as he passed a well-dressed boy, and scowled at him under his hat-brim. Then he tried to count up how much it would cost to buy the cream himself. It would not be possible. His long-cherished quarter had been spent for the peanuts and gum, and for his share of the gold paper, and not another cent would he have to spend, even with selling the next day's papers; for, as the man of the family (he was eleven years old), he always turned in what he earned to help with the rent.

That was a sad evening for the Court. The bad news spread quickly, but, though they talked and talked, they could find no way to buy the longed-for luxury, for they had spent their all; so they went to bed with the dreary feeling that, after all, the celebration would be almost spoiled.

Poor Jim! he burned with red-hot rebellion to think that his sister—the Queen, his idol—could not have the grand surprise. In school the next day he missed all of his lessons, and was so inattentive that his teacher asked if he were sick. Jim shook his head and tried to study, but all the letters on the pages were jumbled together, and he could not make himself think. As soon as school was out he started off in the opposite direction from home, with no particular reason except to get as far away as possible from the celebration. He sauntered along, and then it occurred to him to look for a job, but he could find no excuse for one. There was no snow to shovel, no horse to hold; all the stores were full of busy clerks—"an' everybody rich 'cept me!" he murmured. For a short time he sat in Stuyvesant Square watching the children; but that troubled him, for they all seemed so happy. He saw by the sky that it was growing late, and that it was time for him to go for his stock of evening papers; so off he trudged down to his usual stand for them, and then went over to the Madison Avenue cars—his usual business district; but his sales were not as brisk as usual—some way he did not shove the other boys aside as forcefully, nor call out as loud as they did. It didn't seem to matter to him; nothing mattered, except that soon the celebration would be taking place, and Queen's heart would be broken with disappointment.

Getting out of a car, he went down a side street to follow up a possible customer, and as he walked past the side fence inclosing the garden of a large Madison Avenue house, he stopped a minute to peer through the iron pickets of the gate; and as he stood there a cart drew up, and the man, with a "Hi, there, kid, clear the road!" jumped down and passed through the gate, carrying what made Jim's eyes grow large, his mouth water, and his fingers ache to clutch—a pail of ice-cream. Jim had often seen it in the carts, and knew what was under all that chopped ice on top. It was too much for flesh and blood to stand. Those people didn't need it, they probably had it every day. There it was, left on the stone, right outside the area door. There was not a person in sight on the street, nor in the house, so far as Jim could see; and no sooner had the idea flashed into Jim's mind than he was inside the gate, and, before he really knew that he had thought of it, he found himself running down the avenue, carrying the pail, heavy as it was, and his remaining papers.

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For the Little People

How It Happened

By Mary Chase Thurlow

"Dear me!" said the Summer,
While packing her grip
And cleaning her house
For a long Southern trip,
"Here's a pot of red paint
I've just found left over
(I mixed it with white
To color the clover).
I can't bear to leave it,
It seems such a waste,
And I can't take it with me,
I'm in too great haste."
Just then, as quickly
She lifted her eye,
A bush with green berries
She saw standing by.
She caught up her brush
As quick as a wink,
And said, with a laugh,
"I'll use it, I think."
So she laid on the paint
With a regular splash,
And made a red berry
At every dash.
And that's how it happened,
In my autumn walks,
I found that red bush
With its fiery stalks.
Now I've told you this tale,
How it all came about,
I'm sure you'll believe it,
Without any doubt.

He Knows How

When we think of the cows coming home at night, we always think of the green fields and shady lanes and running brooks, and a small, barefooted boy coming on behind, and probably a black shepherd-dog; but in one of the New England towns, if you should meet the cows coming home now, you would find behind the cows a boy on a bicycle. It is said that the chief difficulty with the young cow-drivers is to make the bicycle go slow enough.

Did you ever notice the great differences there are in dogs in driving home the cows? Some dogs get right in front of the herd and bark and jump and worry the cows into a fever. Other dogs get so excited that they run round and round and round the herd, and turn them in every direction; while other dogs go into the lot where the cows are and slowly drive them toward the bars, and then out into the road, and then along the road, as sedately as the cows themselves. One big dog, seen often this summer, shows as much intelligence as a man could show in taking care of the cows. His owner will step out anywhere about the house or barn and take from his pocket a whistle. He blows the whistle three times. It is sharp and clear. No matter where the dog is on the farm, he can hear it; and no matter where he is, he makes his first appearance at the barn. He comes tearing over the hills or out from the woods or from under the piazza, and reports, as it were, to his master, and then he tears down the road as though he meant to drive the cows in a race, jumps over the fence into the field where they are, and there all his hurry and flurry stops. He does not even bark, but begins at the outer edge of the field, and by some animal sign makes the cows understand that it is time for them to turn toward the bars. By the time he has the cows at the bars, his master has reached the field and has let down the bars, through which the cows and the dog pass in solemn and stately procession, and this procession is not broken until all the cows are in the cow-yard, and then the dog stretches himself out at full length in front of the gate until after the milking is done.

America to Her Boys

Where are my great men coming from,
The men to rule the State,
When, this old Century left behind,
We've passed the Twentieth's gate—
My brave, broad-hearted citizens,
The strong, the good, the true?
You're drifting now—rouse up, my boys!
They all must come from you!
Don't let past glories be forgot,
Or patriotism die—
Let every boy upon my roll
Shout: "Ready! Here am I!"

—*The American Youth.*

A Walk Under an Umbrella

Many of us believe that kings and queens, emperors and empresses, always wear their crowns and their beautiful cloaks lined with ermine, and that they go about attended by ladies and gentlemen in waiting. It is almost impossible for us to imagine a king or queen in ordinary dress such as we see our fathers and mothers wear, but the truth of the matter is that crowns, and ermine cloaks, and ladies and gentlemen in waiting, are only the occasional and not the every-day habits of royalty. Not long since, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was spending a few days in one of the country palaces, located on the outskirts of a little town. She started for a long walk with only a companion, both of the ladies in ordinary street dress. Suddenly it began to rain, and the Empress, like the most ordinary woman, opened her umbrella and continued her walk. After a time she saw a little child trying to shelter herself from the storm under the branches of a tree. She stopped and asked the little girl some questions, and started to leave her, when the child said, "Dear madam, I beg you to take me under your umbrella." The Empress acceded to the request at once, and escorted the child to her home, talking with her all the while about her school and the people of the little hamlet in which the child lived. When the rain was over, the little girl bade her kind friend good-by and went on her way, but the next day the Empress brought the little girl a present of an umbrella, so that she might not get wet, she said, when it rained. The little girl, who was the daughter of a peasant, exclaimed, "But, dear madam, you must be very rich if you can buy a new umbrella!" The Empress stooped and kissed the little girl and went home. A few days later she was driving in the neighborhood of the little girl's house, and there she saw the little child in the bright sunshine walking up and down the village street with her new umbrella, and followed by a number of her playmates in a procession. Somebody saw the Empress and told the family of the little girl who she was, and now the umbrella is too sacred to be used.

The Difficult Seed

I.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?

II.

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.

III.

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell—
I never cared for blues.

IV.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

V.

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—*St. Nicholas.*

An Oyster Enemy

This is the season of year when we begin to enjoy oysters again, but the oysters have a worse enemy than man, and that is the starfish. No doubt you have seen these fish many times when they are dried. They look not unlike a star of white coral. These fish destroy thousands of dollars' worth of oysters in a year, and the oystermen—that is, the men who cultivate the oyster—are continually fighting this enemy. The oyster-seed is sown by the oystermen on empty shells spread on the land under water that the oystermen own, and is as carefully cultivated and cared for as the strawberries or the celery or any fruit or vegetable that requires special cultivation is cared for in a garden. The oystermen for years have been trying to find some way of destroying the starfish. Various instruments have been made, but none have been entirely successful. The starfish attack the beds in June, July, and August in great schools. The oysters deposit their young, or spawn, on the old shells planted by the oysterman. If there were no old shells for the spawn to fasten to, the spawn would float off, and oysters would after a time entirely die out. These starfish eat the spawn. Formerly the oystermen went over the beds with an oyster-rake. By this method they destroyed so many oysters that it was found best not to pursue it. Later a great mop was made of cotton strings loosely coiled. These mops are from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and are drawn over the oyster-bed so that the strings drag over the oysters. These strings form a sort of trap which catches the starfish. If you have ever handled the dried starfish, you have discovered that on the outside there are little sharp points. Now, when the fish is alive and this mop is dragged over the bed where he is, these sharp points catch in the cotton string and the fish is caught. Every little while the mop is drawn to the top of the water and put into a caldron of boiling water on the boat from which the work is done; but even this elaborate method does not prevent the starfish destroying thousands of dollars' worth of oysters every year.

Where Is Ohio?

"Where is Ohio, children, say?"
The teacher asked her girls one day.

Four little hands immediately
Went up. "I know," said Margery.

"It's in the East." But Susie Guest
Responded, "It is in the West."

"'Tis South," said May; and Helen Forth
Was sure that it was "'way up North."

Now Helen lived in Galveston,
And little May by Lake Huron,

And Margery lived 'way out West,
While in New York lived Susie Guest.

And so they all were right that day
In saying where Ohio lay,

Because so much depends, you see,
On where the children's homes may be.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Her Idea

The following amusing story is told of Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew. Mrs. Gladstone, her grandmother, came into a room where the little child was singing, and began talking to her mother, and the little girl said, "Gran'ma, you shouldn't talk." She was reproved by her mother, and in answer to her mother's reproof she said, "But it was a service." She had been taught to sit still in church, and, being only three years old, she considered that wherever there was singing that was a service, and her grandmother, by talking when she was singing, had interrupted the service. Such a little girl would not have to be reproved very often for not behaving in church.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Church—Its Mission [1]

By Lyman Abbott

Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.—John xx., 21–23.

This is John's report of the commission which Christ gives to his disciples after the resurrection, and before he has finally left them. It contains three separate portions. First, a commission—As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you; secondly, an endowment—He breathed on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; thirdly, an authority and responsibility—Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted to them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained. I propose, then, taking this as a text, to preach on this and two succeeding Sundays three sermons: the first, on the commission of the Church; the second, on the secret of its power; the third, on its responsibility. My object is not to discuss great ecclesiastical problems, not to consider the duties, or powers, or opportunities, or responsibilities of the Church universal, except incidentally, but to consider our mission—what we in Plymouth Church have to do, what is to be the secret of our power, and what the measure of our responsibility.

What, then, is the mission which Jesus Christ has given to his Church? "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you"—that is the answer to that question. He has sent us to take up the work which he apparently laid down; to carry it on in the spirit in which he carried it on. It is hardly possible to read these words—"As the Father hath sent me, even so I send you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost"—without recalling that earliest reported sermon in his ministry, when he stood up in the synagogue and the book of the prophet Isaiah was given to him, and he opened the roll in which was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the eyes to the blind, the acceptable year of the Lord," and declared that he was sent to fulfill this prophecy, that the Spirit of God was put upon him that he might carry glad tidings to men, open their eyes, heal their diseases, give them gladness and hope and cheer. For this he was anointed with the Spirit; and when he goes away he breathes into his disciples the same Spirit, and says to them, and through them says to you, to me, to all the Church in all time, I anoint you with the Spirit with which I was anointed, and I send you as I was sent. If we look at the life of Christ to get the interpretation of his work, I think we shall see a little more clearly for what the Father sent him and has sent us into the world. Let us forget theological definitions and go back to this life of Christ. What is it? The story of a man who knows that God is a Father and knows that God is love; knows in his heart of hearts that God pities men, has compassion on them, has mercy for them, is their Father, and desires to redeem and inspire and strengthen them. So, first of all, he went everywhere, saying to them this: Do not be afraid of God; do not run away from God; do not hide yourself from God; do not think God is to be dreaded. If you are in sorrow, do not think God is indifferent to your sorrow; if you have sinned, do not think you can escape the consequences of your sin by running away from him; you can do it only by running to your Father. Do not think he needs to be appeased or reconciled. He is already seeking you; he is like the father of the prodigal, longing to take you to himself, ready to receive you. He went everywhere proclaiming this message. But he spoke it not only with his lips; he spoke it with his life. The love he carried on his lips he carried also in his conduct. He went everywhere doing good, reflecting love, sympathizing with those in sorrow, healing those in sickness, lifting off the burden of sin for those who were cast down by sin. No obstacle was suffered to stand between him and any soul that needed him. Were men rich? he went into the homes of the rich. Was there poverty? he was equally ready to go into the homes of the poor. Was there sorrow? he went to mingle his tears with the weeping. Was there prosperity? he sat at the marriage-feast and added to its joys. Was there sin? the woman that was an outcast then, and has been an outcast ever since, came near to him, and came not near in vain. Was there loathsome disease? he reached out his hand and touched the leper whom he might have healed with a word. His heart went out to men, and the heart of him that went out to men was the heart of God living in and working through him.

He really did no great things, as men count great things. His own disciples could not understand how this man living such a simple life could be the Messiah. John the Baptist, who had said, This is the Messiah, and then had been shut up in prison and heard the reports of his life, was so perplexed that he sent his disciples to find out whether he really was so. Compare his life with the lives of other great men. Moses organized a state, and laid broad and deep the foundation of constitutional liberty for his own and other peoples: Christ did not anything of that sort. Joshua led forth the armies to give his people the land which God had promised: Christ led no armies organized for the enfranchisement of his people. David sang sweet songs: Christ wrote no famous poems. Even as a teacher, he uttered no great orations. No school-boy ever goes to the Gospels to get an eloquent passage that he may repeat in declamation. There is no rare and remarkable oratory, measured as the school measures oratory, in the words of Jesus. If he saw a poor, miserable, sinful, heretical woman that was in need, he sat down on the well-curb and talked with her. If, going up to Jerusalem, as the disciples supposed, to take possession of his kingdom, the blind man called on him for help, and the crowd said, "Be still; do not interrupt the King," he pushed the crowd aside, and went and healed the blind man. If women brought their children, and the disciples said, Go away, he rebuked them and said, The little children are the very ones I want, let them come to me. He took the little opportunities life offered to him, and told of his love and of the love of God. You can hardly point to one single thing in all the four Gospels that, if it had been done by any other man, in any other time, under any other circumstances, unsurrounded by the halo that surrounds the life of Christ, men would call great, except some of his miracles. His greatness was his goodness. The Hebrew Psalmist says of Jehovah that He is *great* in mercy. This was the greatness of Jesus Christ. In his life was the great, deep undertone of love—sweetest and tenderest note of sympathy with sorrow, deepest note of pity for sinful men. He carried this message, that God loves men, and he carried it in his life, and by his deeds as well as by his words.

He knew that his life was short; and he gathered twelve men about him to carry on the work after he was gone. They were not great men; they were commonplace men. Peter became a revival orator, it is true; but there is nothing to indicate that Peter was an orator before Christ had inspired him with eloquence. John became a wonderful seer, it is true; but there is nothing to indicate that John was a seer when Christ called him. And as for the others, there is nothing remarkable about them except their loyalty. He took simple, plain men, with less education, less culture, less intellectual ability than most of us in this congregation possess, and gave them his work to do, because it was the kind of work which plain men can do. It was, first, to know that God is love, and then to have one's heart full of his love and carry that message to all that need it, and according to their various needs.

This, then, is the mission which Christ gives to his children. He says to Plymouth Church this: I have put you into this district in Brooklyn that you may do there what I did in Palestine, in the same way and in the same spirit.

In the first place, negatively, Christ does not commission his Church to build up a great organization. The Church

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, September 16, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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is not an end in itself. The Church is only a means to an end. You are not to measure any church by its size, its wealth, its culture; you are not to measure it by the number of people that gather in the congregation, in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sunday-school. Bigness is not greatness. It is better to sit down and talk with one man that is in trouble, and lift the load off from his heart, and let him go away with a newness of hope and life, than to preach an eloquent sermon to a congregation of a thousand and let them go away and admire the preacher and live the same old lives. Nor is a church to be measured by the number that join its membership. It was a joyous day when, the first Sunday in last May, about one hundred united with us here, and we thanked God for it and were glad; but the glory of that day was not in that our church had a hundred more members than before; it was in the indication that there had been newness of life, newness of hope and courage, put into the lives and hearts of men. Nor is the mission of the church, properly speaking, to worship God. It is not sent into the world in order that it may get together once a week and pray and praise. Prayer and praise are not final ends. Jesus Christ did not call the twelve disciples that he might gather them about him at the last hour and talk to them as in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John. The words contained in these chapters were not the end, but the means to an end; the end was that they might go out and give to others the life they had received. Still, is it the mission of the Church to be a school of philosophy, to build up a creed, teach a doctrine, propound a philosophy? No! no! As the Father sent Christ into the world, so Christ sends his Church into the world, so he sends you and me, so he sends Plymouth Church. First of all, that we may know in our heart of hearts that God is a Father, that there is an eternal love over us and about us and under us and around us. It is easy to say that we believe this, but it is not always easy to believe it. It is not easy to stand by the bedside of the sick and see anguish in their faces and still believe that God is love; it is not easy to stand where the whirling flames and smoke are driving across forest and village and burning in horrible holocaust hundreds of men and women and children, and believe that God is love; it is not easy to see one whom you love going away from his Father and from purity and righteousness down into sin, and corrupting his soul, and cry out to God for rescue and not get rescue, and still believe that God is love. This is not always easy; Paul did not find it easy, or there would have been no triumph in that cry of his—Neither in life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. There would have been no triumph in that cry if life and death had not sometimes seemed to separate him from the embracing arms of God's love. This is our first mission, to be completely possessed by this faith that God *is* love; not a wrathful God to be appeased, not a just judge to be satisfied, not a police justice to be escaped, but the Father of all the living and the refuge of every soul, of the erring, the forgetful, the careless, the suffering, and the sinful. That, first of all, is our mission—to take this message, not as something that is perceived by us intellectually, as a creed, but as something that is wrought into our very heart and becomes the very life of our life, and, taking it, to tell others of it.

But you cannot carry this message of God's love on your lips unless you also carry it in your hearts. You cannot tell men that God is love and yourself be indifferent and careless; there is no meaning in that message. To tell a hungry man, God loves you, but as for me, I do not care whether you are hungry or not; to tell a poor sinful man, God pities you, but as for myself, do not darken my door again—what message of love is there in this? No, the message of love cannot be merely spoken: it must be lived. It is to be a message of love uttered as Christ uttered his. To carry that love of God wherever you are and whoever you are—you, mistress in the parlor; you, maid in the kitchen; you, business man in the store; you, lawyer in the office; you, father and mother in the household; you, little child in the household also; always carrying love with you because you carry God with you, because you have seen him and walked with him, and love him and love men as his children; to declare that love in face and eye and hand and daily deed—that is our mission. That is what Christ did, that is what we are to do. It does not require greatness, it requires goodness; it is very simple, though I do not say that it is very easy.

This message of love is various in its inflections; for love has its thunder tones and its flaming eyes. The same spirit that binds up the wounds of a wounded traveler strikes heavy blows against the man who tries to wound and despoil. The same love that seeks to rescue one who has been wronged battles vigorously and effectively against the man who is doing the wrong. In Christ's eye there were lightning-flashes, and thunder-tones sometimes in Christ's voice. Christ loved when he wove the band of rushes that he might drive the traders from the temple; Christ loved when he launched against the Pharisees a philippic that has no parallel in literature, ancient or modern. For there is wrath in love; and when Christ sends his Church into the world he means that there shall be thunder-tones in the Church. When the race-tracks are corrupting young men in New Jersey, when corruption is eating the life out of our neighboring town of Gravesend, when corruption is turning the police in New York into aiders and abettors of every form of vice and crime, he means that the Church shall speak with thunder in its voice against the iniquity. Dr. Parkhurst has been doing a work that Christ sent his disciples to do. You do not need to be great, you only need to know the love of God and have the love of God in your hearts, the love that never faileth; you do not need to be great, you only need to be transformed into an incarnation of the thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians—that is all, but that is everything. To take the message of God's love by lip and life, by hand and service, by sacrifice, by joy, by sorrow, carrying the comfort of love where there is mourning, carrying the hope of love where there is discouragement, carrying the integrity of love where there is corruption, carrying the flaming, consuming fire of love where there is that which should be destroyed, carrying the infinite divine beauty of love where there is sin and hopelessness—to do this simply, to do it naturally, to do it with whatever philosophy you may have, by whatever form of service comes fitting and natural to you, to do it just where you are, to unite with others that you may do it more effectively, to do it Sunday and week-day, to do it all the life long—this is to be sent into the world as Christ was sent into the world, and to do his work as he did it.

The Life of Christ

XVIII.—The Commission of the Twelve[1]

By Lyman Abbott

In a previous lesson[2] I have spoken of Christ's selection of the Twelve, of the principles upon which he selected them, and of their personal character. To these Twelve he gave two commissions—one while he was still living with them, the other just before his ascension. It is with the first of these commissions that we have to do to-day.

The demands on his time had become so great that he could no longer respond to them unaided. His disciples had been with him certainly for over a year; he sent them forth two by two to heal and to preach in the villages, while he confined his ministry to the larger cities.[3] It is a mistake to suppose, as it has sometimes been supposed, that the methods which Christ prescribed for the Twelve in this provincial ministry in Galilee are authoritatively imposed upon the Church for all time. Methods adapted to one age and condition may be very ill-adapted to another. But there are certain fundamental principles involved in and implied by the directions which Christ gave to the

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 19. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 11. (December 16.) Mark vi., 1-6; Matt. ix., 35—xi., 1.
[2] No. 14, The Outlook for September 15.
[3] Compare Luke ix., 6. with Matt. xi., 1.

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Twelve in this their first missionary circuit, which, if not universally applicable, certainly throw light upon the methods to be pursued and the work to be done by the disciples of Christ in all ages and in all countries.

In the first place, then, we observe that Christ selected men for the specific work of preaching the Gospel. Not all who believed in him were to become preachers. Some he forbade to do so, telling them to return to their homes and go on with their daily life. Others he commanded to leave their daily vocation and devote themselves wholly to the ministry. The example of Christ is, therefore, an authority for the statement that it is legitimate to appoint special men for the special work of the Gospel ministry. It is true that Christ laid upon all men the duty of proclaiming their principles, but he did not leave the proclamation of those principles dependent upon such chance occasions as men occupied in other professions might find. On the contrary, from the many disciples who loved and honored him, he selected a few upon whom he laid the duty of making the preaching of his Gospel their life-work.

But he did not organize these men into a priestly order. They were prophets, not priests. The distinction is important. The priests of Judaism were the children of a particular tribe, and the descendants of a particular family in that tribe. No one could perform priestly functions who was not in the order of priestly succession. These priests were supported by regular, formal, and established contributions; were directed to conduct the public worship; were intrusted with all the sacrificial ceremonies of the Jewish Church; had the exclusive right of passing beyond the rail which separated the court of the priests from the outer courts; were in a true sense representatives of God to the people, and mediators between the people and God. But there also grew up in Palestine under the Old Testament another order—the prophetic order. These prophets belonged to no line of succession; to no special tribe or family; received no consecration, no anointing; were set apart by no ceremony; ministered in no temple; were not separated from the laity by rail, or wall, or garb; never offered sacrifices. They were not priests, they were laymen. Their function was not to mediate between the people and God, but to teach the people truth about God, duty, life. Now, Christ appointed no priesthood. The priesthood is a Jewish, not a Christian, office. There was no line of succession provided for in the old prophetic order, and none hinted at in Christ's prophetic order; no authorized and established support given to the prophets, and none to the Apostles; no hierarchical authority, no sacred and exclusive duty, laid upon the Hebrew prophets; none upon the Christian Apostles. They were simply twelve ordinary folk, gathered by their Master, first to learn of him, and then to repeat upon the housetop what they had heard in the ear. To my mind it is impossible to reconcile the notion of a continuing priesthood with the teaching of Jesus Christ. Under the Jewish system only the priest could enter the sacred precincts of the Temple, only the High Priest the Holy of Holies where God was supposed to dwell. This was wholly foreign to the teaching of Jesus Christ. He taught that God is the universal Father, that we are all God's children; that there need be no mediator between the Father and his child; that no altar-rail can separate between the arms of the Everlasting Love and the poor and the needy whom God loves; that there is need neither of priest nor of bloody sacrifice to open a door to the heart of God that his children may enter in. The very Gospel which the Apostles were appointed to preach was that all this belonged to an ancient order, that the time was ripe for teaching that every man is a child of God, and that for every man the way is opened to the heart of his heavenly Father.

This prophetic apostolic order was made wholly dependent upon the voluntary subscription of the people for its support. The Twelve were to take no money in their purse, no provisions, not even two garments; they were to go from house to house, trusting the hospitality of those to whom they ministered, and trusting to them alone. Doubtless there are disadvantages in a dependent ministry, but the dangers are incomparably less than the dangers in an independent ministry. In spite of the dependence of the Protestant clergy on the voluntary free-will offerings of the congregation, I venture to affirm that there are no ministers in the world and no class of men in America who are more thoroughly and conscientiously independent of public opinion than the Protestant ministers in these United States. They are more ready to oppose the current sentiment of their congregation than are lawyers to antagonize the prejudices of their clients, or doctors the prejudices of their patients, or merchants the prejudices of their customers, or politicians the prejudices of their constituents, or even newspaper editors the prejudices of their readers. And in no Established Church in the world are the preachers more frank and courageous in their utterances than are the ministers in the unestablished churches in free America.

The ministry which Christ thus organized was an itinerant ministry. The Twelve were to travel two by two, from town to town, preaching the Gospel. Subsequently a similar appointment was made of seventy to fulfill a similar mission in Perea. They also constituted an itinerant ministry; they also were to travel from town to town carrying the good news of the kingdom. It does not, I think, follow from this that the ministry of the Church of Christ is always to be itinerant, but it does follow that it is always to be an aggressive and missionary ministry. No organization is a Church of Christ which does not go forth to teach those that are without the Glad-Tidings of Christ's Gospel. He who bade his disciples follow him declared of himself that he came to seek as well as to save that which was lost. He compared his kingdom to a wedding-feast whose host sent his messengers out into the highways and the hedges to compel the poor to come in and partake of it. Missions are not an incident of the Christian Church. The Christian Church exists for the sake of missions; missionary activity is the very end of its being.

And this ministry of the Twelve was to be a philanthropic ministry. Preaching and healing were to go together. The same love which ministers to the spirit will minister to the body. We cannot divide man into departments and treat the physical organism as though it were independent of the spiritual, and the spiritual as though it were independent of the physical. The modern church, which feeds, and clothes, and medicates, and teaches, and preaches, is ministering in the spirit of the Master, provided it never forgets that the spiritual is more important than the intellectual, as the intellectual is more important than the physical; that, in other words, the animal is for the social and the social is for the spiritual; or, again, in Christ's own words, that "the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment."

Such are some, by no means all, of the universal principles illustrated in Christ's first commission to the first heralds of the kingdom of God.

In Sleep

By Richard Burton

Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idless,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past,
My unsuspected soul, my parents' voice,
The generations of my forbears, yea,
The very will of God himself, are there,
And potent-working so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a soil
Washed cleanlier, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Towards unguessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay down.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Do your best loyally and cheerfully, and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety or fear. Your times are in God's hands. He has assigned you your place; he will direct your paths; he will accept your efforts if they be faithful; he will bless your aims if they be for your soul's good.—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

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Books and Authors

Molière in English[1]

Miss Wormeley's translations of Balzac have placed her in the front rank of American translators, and constitute an achievement which is likely to bring her lasting reputation. For her work possesses not only the fidelity and accuracy of sound translation, but it is characterized by genuine literary feeling and quality. It was a monumental task to transfer from one language to another a body of writing so vast as Balzac's, and so difficult of rendering into another tongue. If Miss Wormeley has missed the conditions which gave the translations of North, Chapman, Florio, and Harrington almost the weight and dignity of original works, she has not fallen behind her great predecessors in the magnitude of her undertaking and in the skill and ability with which she has so far carried it on.

It was a happy thought which turned the attention of this capable and experienced translator to one of the greatest writers whom France has given to the world; a man of fine ideals, of splendid endowments, of tireless industry, and of rare personal charm and worth. Among the many striking figures which cast a reflected light on Louis XIV., there is none of deeper human interest than Molière, whose name is forever associated with those of Corneille and Racine as the real founders of the French drama. Born in 1622, six years after the death of Shakespeare, Molière followed close upon the great development of the drama in England, and was the contemporary of his famous Spanish fellow-craftsmen, Lope de Vega and Calderon. It was of deeper importance to him, and probably to the world, that he was born at the ripe hour in the development of the drama in his own country. He was fourteen years old when Corneille's "Cid" was performed for the first time, and twenty-two at the time of the first representation of Racine's "Le Menteur;" the former, in spite of Academic criticism, was speedily recognized as a work of classic elevation and power, while of the latter Molière wrote: "When it was first performed, I had already a wish to write, but was in doubt as to what it should be. My ideas were still confused, but this piece determined them. In short, but for the appearance of 'Le Menteur,' though I should no doubt have written comedies of intrigue, . . . I should perhaps never have written the 'Misanthrope.'" He came at an opportune moment, and few men have made better use of their time and tools. The favor of the King, which he was able to keep in spite of many intrigues to deprive him of it, was of very great value to him; the growing interest in the drama and the marked genius of the time for dramatic expression were still more fortunate; and his high standards, his uncompromising independence, and his conscientious fidelity to his art were his supreme good fortune. He died at the early age of fifty-one, and his most illustrious years were saddened by domestic trials; but he left a heritage of dramatic work noble alike in its aim and in its art.

Molière had the highest of all qualifications for portraying human nature and laying bare its weaknesses—entire sanity of mind and heart. Despite the sadness which oppressed him towards the close of his life, he was a man of serenity, poise, and health. Unlike most men who make a study of the frailties of their fellows, he did not lose faith in the higher possibilities of human character, nor did he come to see the whole world in shadow. In the fine parable which prefaces "God's Fool," the satirist, accused of using the world as a football, opens his eyes and says, "Yes; I kicked it towards its goal." Molière touched the vices of his kind with terrible severity, but in a noble temper. His view of art was serious, and, as a rule, his practice did not fall below his conception. "The duty of comedy," he wrote to the King in one of the petitions touching "Tartuffe," "being to correct men while amusing them, I thought that, in the employment which I hold, I could not do better than attack with ridiculous scenes the vices of my epoch." In his preface to the same play—one of the best defenses of the theater ever put forth—the definiteness of his moral aim is distinctly stated: "I have used all the art and all the care I possibly could in distinguishing the character of the hypocrite from that of truly pious men. . . . The audience is not kept for one moment in doubt; he is known for what he is from the start; and from end to end he does not say one word, he does not do one act, which will not show to the spectators the nature of a bad man and bring into relief that of the good man to which I oppose him." There is food for thought in these words for writers of our own time.

"Tartuffe," it is needless to say, did not escape the misconstruction of the people who put conventional morality in place of essential morality, and who frequently stand in the way of the greatest moral influences simply from ignorance or from a provincial and narrow conception of art and life. Molière struck at the very heart of the bitter opposition to the play when he said: "My enemies have the art to give a fine coloring to their intentions; nevertheless, whatever they may pretend, it is not God's interests that move them. They have shown this plainly enough in the comedies they have allowed to be played many times in public without saying a word. Those comedies attacked only true religion and piety, for which these persons care very little; but mine attacks and laughs at *them*, and that is what they cannot bear." The enemies of "Tartuffe" succeeded in suppressing it for a time, but a play of such force could not long be kept off the stage, and this serious and telling comedy has long been acknowledged as one of the masterpieces of dramatic literature. It is the greatest dramatic presentation of hypocrisy which the world has yet seen. Next in importance and reputation among Molière's more serious works stands "The Misanthrope," which has also taken its place with the small group of plays which so perfectly portray a particular vice or weakness that they have become synonyms of that vice or weakness. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is equally stinging, and transfixes the aping of social conditions and manners to which one was not born with a satire which borders on extravaganza, and covers the poor imitation gentleman with ridicule and laughter. In "Les Précieuses Ridicules" the dramatist used all his arts to bring out the absurd and sham elements which disfigured the conversation and sentiment of the literary coterie which is associated with the Hôtel Rambouillet. These plays, with "Le Malade Imaginaire," are perhaps the best known of Molière's works outside of France; his countrymen hold a number of other plays in almost equal regard. Molière did not wholly escape the moral atmosphere of his age, and in some of his plays, as in the works of most of his contemporaries, there are immoral situations and touches of coarseness repellent to modern taste; but he was in many ways superior to the moral standards of his time.

"To love Molière," says Sainte-Beuve, "is to be cured forever, I will not say of base and infamous hypocrisy, but of fanaticism, of intolerance, of that hardness which anathematizes and curses; . . . to be equally aloof, nay, a thousand miles apart, from that other fanaticism, cold, barren, cruel, politic, which never laughs, but, rank with bigotry, under pretext of puritanism, finds a way to amalgamate all species of gall, and to unite in a single bitter doctrine the hatred, rancor, and Jacobinism of all time. It is also to be equally removed from those colorless, flabby souls who, in presence of evil, know neither how to rebuke nor how to hate."

[1] *Molière.* Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. I. *Le Misanthrope, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* Vol. II. *Tartuffe, Les Précieuses Ridicules, Georges Dandin.* Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The Claims of Christianity. By W. S. Lilly. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) According to Mr. Lilly, the claims of Christianity upon the attention of the world are no other than the claims of the Roman Church. Buddhism is dying out; it cannot offer any answer to the wants of humanity. Islam is alive, and a portentous enemy of Christian peoples. It may conquer by force, but it can never satisfy the needs of human nature. Thus far Mr. Lilly's argument will go without serious contradiction. When, however, we come to his interpretation of the Middle Ages, up to the fall of Constantinople and the rise of humanism, we do not find his criticism of the late Mr. Symonds or his defense of the Popes, that they were as good as their age, to be

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sufficient. In fact, his whole argument gives up the Church as anything but a product of evolution. His criticisms of humanism are one-sided from his own point of view. Mr. Lilly thinks that the mistake of the Continental Protestant revolution was that "it obliterated from the mind and consciences of the people the belief that Christian men live under another and a higher law than the law of the State." We can see how Mr. Lilly has fallen into his mistake; nevertheless, he ought not to have made the blunder of a sciolist. It is true that the unity of the Middle Ages was gone. Mr. Lilly does not perceive that we are coalescing into a new unity, and a corporate unity at that. He is a product of that social reaction produced by the extreme individualistic teachings of Rousseau. The phenomenon is not singular. In the Roman Church alone he sees a refuge from a social disintegration. His error lies in mistaking the claims, the ecumenical claims, of Rome for realities. They are mere figments of arrogant dogma, and have no reality save the subjective existence in the minds of the hallucinated. Mr. Lilly's position is in every way quite contrary to this age and its spirit. He does not believe in the Zeitgeist—that is to say, he does not believe that God is ruling this world by His Spirit. He is a skeptic and a pantheist. He clings to things which do not exist outside the realm of theory, and is blind to the life before him. If Mr. Lilly cannot see that Protestantism vindicates both the individual and the communal conscience, if he cannot discern that the age feels profoundly the sense of sin, it is because he is blinded by his own culture. Mr. Lilly and his literary style demonstrate overculture. They are *fin de siècle* and *décadent* both in form and thought.

It is a great gain for school-children when text-books come from the hands of the best-equipped scholars and writers in the various departments. The peculiar excellence which belongs to the work of a man who combines scholarship with literary quality is seen in Mr. John Fiske's *History of the United States for Schools*, recently issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston). This volume is based upon years of thoroughgoing research, entire familiarity with the sources of American history, and a long experience in making that history lucid, intelligible, and interesting. Mr. Fiske's books are very widely read, and are likely to be more widely read as time goes on; but it is doubtful if he has done anything better for his generation than the preparation of this text-book, which combines in a rare degree accuracy, intelligent condensation, historical discrimination, and an attractive style. Mr. Fiske never fails to be interesting, and he has already, in more than one instance, demonstrated his capacity to write for younger readers with the same skill that he displays in his writing for more mature readers. The preparation of a text-book, however, involves qualities which a man of ability, scholarship, and literary skill does not always possess. It involves an extraordinarily clear sense of the relative importance of things, a good eye for perspective, and the power of condensing without sacrifice of interest. The "History of the United States for Schools" is not only thoroughly well prepared, but it is extremely easy and agreeable reading. It is a sound, wise, and fascinating book, as it ought to be; and the publishers have not fallen behind in their contribution to the general result, for the volume is admirably made, with a great variety of taking illustrations, with an excellent contribution of maps, with a useful appendix of great aid to teachers, and with a series of topics and questions, prepared by Dr. Frank A. Hill, which teachers will find of the greatest possible service. The volume is not entirely free from statements which will excite discussion, but it is a model of fairness.

The Johannine Theology: A Study of the Doctrinal Contents of the Gospel and Epistles of the Apostle John, by George B. Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in Yale University (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a very good type of the modern commentary. It is more critical and minute than George Adam Smith on Isaiah, or Marcus Dods on Genesis, but it does not approximate in verbal and textual criticism Ellicott, Meyer, or Alford. It is a study of John's Gospel and Epistles as literature. Its study of words and texts is subsidiary to its study of paragraphs and passages. The general scope of the author is made to interpret verbal phraseologies. The mediæval scholasticism, which has done so much to veil the meaning of the New Testament, is put one side, and John's writings are approached in a spirit of fresh and full, though always reverent, inquiry. John is interpreted as a mystic, with a frank statement of the commentator's desire "that the spiritual mysticism of John may, in time to come, acquire its legitimate influence in Christian theology and life," and of his belief that the theology of John "represents a mode of thought concerning God and his salvation that is distinctly higher than the legalism of Paul." Mr. Stevens's general spirit of interpretation may be characterized by the words mystical and ethical; and while we do not find in him that insight which lends such a charm to the less exegetical commentary of Maurice, or that breadth of treatment which makes George Adam Smith's commentary on Isaiah so fascinating a book, we welcome this volume on Johannine Theology as a clear, unprejudiced, and thoroughly scholarly interpretation—one which has made excellent use of the verbal and grammatical work of previous students, but has wisely subordinated the results of their work to the general spirit of the sacred author and the trend of his argument.

Literary Notes

—Miss Alice English, the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Dunn English, has collected and edited some of her father's poems, among which the famous "Ben Bolt," written in 1843, will assuredly not be lacking.

—Mr. Norman Gale's "Country Muse," which has been out of print for some time, will shortly appear in a new edition and containing some additional poems.

—Lovers of her poetry—and they are many—will be saddened by the news that Miss Christina Rossetti is dangerously ill and that little hope is had of her recovery.

—The friends of the Longfellow Park in Cambridge have now turned their attention to saving the lovely willows bordering Mount Auburn Street close to the Park. About these trees Lowell wrote in both prose and verse.

—It is a curious coincidence that the firms of Charles Scribner's Sons and Dodd, Mead & Co., which were for years within a few doors of each other on Broadway, opposite Astor Place, are now to be next-door neighbors in Fifth Avenue.

—The last addition to our music journals is called "The Musical News," a well illustrated and written monthly sheet. Why could it not have been called "The Music News"? Do we ever speak of "Artistic News" in referring to art matters?

—Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Casa Braccio," will be illustrated by M. André Castaigne. Readers of "Pietro Ghisleri," in which Adèle Braccio figures, will undoubtedly find interest in this story of three women of successive generations of that Roman family.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published in convenient and attractive small octavo size a new edition of "The Last Leaf," with illustrations by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. When the edition was in preparation last summer, the publishers submitted the final proofs to Dr. Holmes, from whom they received the following characteristically genial and yet pathetic note in the poet's own hand. A facsimile of the note is printed after the title-page in the volume:

Beverly Farms, Mass., July 12, 1894.

My dear Publishers and Friends:

I have read the proof you send me, and find nothing in it which I feel called upon to alter or explain.

I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are threescore and twenty, and I am almost half-way up the steep incline which leads me toward the base of the new century, so near to which I have already climbed.

I am pleased to find that this poem, carrying with it the marks of having been written on the jocund morning of life, is still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it; I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance. I hope it will not sadden my older readers, while it may amuse some of the younger ones to whom its experiences are as yet only floating fancies.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—Dr. Conan Doyle, who arrived in this country the other day, says of romantic literature: "I think there never was a time when there was a better promise. There are at least a dozen men and women who have made a deep mark, and who are still young. No one can say how far they may go. Some of them are sure to develop, for the past shows us that fiction is an art which improves up to the age of fifty or so. With fuller knowledge of life comes greater power in describing it. For example, there are more than a dozen—Barrie, Kipling, Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Miss Harraden, Gilbert Parker, Quiller-Couch, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Zangwill, Clark Russell, George Moore—many of them under thirty and few of them much over it. Then, if a man keeps out of grooves and refuses to do his work in a mechanical way, he steadily advances. Why, many of the greatest writers in our fiction did not begin until after forty. Thackeray was about forty. Scott was past forty. Charles Reade and George Eliot were as much. Richardson was fifty. To draw life one must know it. My experience is that when a man is fifty he knows he will improve until he is sixty, and when he is sixty he feels that improvement will keep right on until he is seventy; whereas when he is twenty he thinks that perhaps he will know more when he is thirty, but is not sure."

[For list of Books Received see page 639]

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The Religious World

The American Board at Madison

In another column we give an account of the proceedings of the American Board at Madison, Wis. In this column we desire to make special mention of two or three things of more than ordinary interest which marked the gathering. This meeting witnessed the retirement of the venerable Dr. N. G. Clark, who for so many years has been the Foreign Secretary of the Board, an event of which we speak elsewhere. The official paper which has interested us most is that of Secretary Judson Smith on "Intellectual Preparation for the Ministry." The subject is one of the greatest importance, and many of the abler and wiser missionaries, as well as native converts, are already emphasizing the fact that there is now need of the utmost discrimination as to the quality of the men who are sent to the foreign field. The reason of this is that the nature of missionary work has largely changed. In many of the fields the missionary is now practically the teacher and preparer of ministers and workers. It is he who imparts and impresses the ideas which the native preachers and workers take to the people. Dr. Smith well said at the beginning of his able paper: "Education and culture are essential to power in any undertaking." "Other things being equal, we know that of two men, the one of the most thorough mental training will serve us the best and serve us longest." "All knowledge and science and every human power belong to Christ's kingdom, owe service there, and win their highest place as they worship at the foot of the cross." Dr. Smith wisely recognizes the need of thorough intellectual preparation for foreign missionary work. He emphasizes the fact that the great missionaries of the past have been men of intellectual power, as Irenæus, St. Patrick, St. Columba, Boniface, Carey, Judson, Morrison. Other points emphasized in the paper are: "Every missionary must master a foreign language so as to make it the medium of thought and familiar speech;" "He must bear his part in translating the Bible into the vernacular of the land;" "He must organize branches, and conduct the institutions of education;" "He must study and master great problems." "A full college course for all, and a theological course also for ordained men, constitute the normal preparation for missionary work." "True missionary economy requires that only those who are well equipped be sent to the field." This paper is worthy of special consideration, not because it is abler than those presented by the other Secretaries, but because at the present time it is most important. Many wise observers have felt that the cause of missions has been hampered by missionaries who, however exalted in character, were the intellectual inferiors of those among whom they were working. This paper of Dr. Smith's indicates that the policy of the Board will be, in the future, still more than in the past, to send to the field only those who are fully equipped for their work. In addition to the most exalted and spiritual character, there ought always to be the most careful and thorough education. It is a delight to be able to read a report of a meeting of this ancient missionary society which contains no hint of controversy. For several years its anniversaries have not been harmonious, but the better day seems at last to have dawned. One feature of the meetings is worthy of especial commendation, and that is the substitution of addresses on subjects vital to the missionary work for the often perfunctory reports which occupied so much time in the past. There should now be a genuine revival of missionary interest and activity in all the Congregational churches of the land, and the Board ought at once to be freed from all pecuniary embarrassments and told by the churches to go forward in its splendid service for the kingdom of God.

Dr. Ramsay's Lectures

Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., of the University of Aberdeen, has just been giving a course of lectures in Auburn Theological Seminary, and he will speak before the students of Union Seminary on Thursday evening, October 18, when his subject will be "The Historian who Wrote the Acts of the Apostles." Professor Ramsay is one of the most eminent of living scholars in his own department of investigation. His recent work on "The Church in the Roman Empire," composed largely of lectures delivered before Mansfield College, Oxford, has given him a unique and most enviable reputation. The book was even complimented and commended by the Pope. Dr. Ramsay is described as "a young-looking man, with a mustache and pointed beard, a small voice, a modest and quiet manner." His lectures at Auburn have been given the rare compliment of extended reports in the New York daily press. A correspondent of the "Evangelist," whom we take to be Professor S. M. Hopkins, writes most sympathetically of the work of Professor Ramsay at that Seminary. We think the following extracts are peculiarly significant. He says: "The appearance of such a scholar among us at the present time is significant and suggestive. He comes from an atmosphere of broad and liberal criticism. He is wholly indifferent to the fact that such criticism is just now under the ban of the dominant party in the Presbyterian Church, and that two of the most distinguished teachers in it have just been convicted of heresy for belonging to the same school of critics with himself. He is serenely unconscious that to throw overboard coolly the darling doctrine of inerrancy in the original autographs, to hold that inspiration is consistent with mistakes in the sacred writers, and that the only question to be considered in examining any narrative of fact or statement of doctrine in the Scriptures is not whether it is orthodox, but whether it is true, is to bring down upon his head vials of red-hot wrath from . . . those who at present dictate the policy of the Presbyterian Church." "The great thing is that in listening to this course of finely reasoned lectures the young candidates for the ministry at Auburn should have been taught the true method of studying the Scriptures; that the Book of Acts, for instance, is to be regarded as a part of the general historical literature of the world, and subject, in its interpretation, to the same canons of criticism as a book of Thucydides or Livy." It will be interesting to notice what reception these lectures of Professor Ramsay at Auburn will meet from the Presbyterian Church at large. They are not controversial; they are the work of a faithful and patient scholar whose ability is recognized around the world. In any other communion they would attract no attention for their novelty, but, belonging to the same class of lectures as those for which Professors Smith and Briggs have been condemned, we cannot help asking, Will Auburn Seminary now receive an admonition? If so, one of the most eminent and honored scholars of Presbyterianism in Scotland will be condemned. But we imagine that the era in which mediocre lawyers and preachers untrained in scholarly investigation are allowed to dictate to the ablest professors in the Presbyterian denomination what they shall discover in their investigations and teach in their class-rooms is about ended.

Congregationalists in Oregon

The Congregational Association of Oregon met with the church in Salem September 25. There were present twenty ministers and fifty-five delegates, which was a goodly number considering the long distances over which the delegates are compelled to travel. Action was taken urging the American Board to hold its next meeting with the First Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon. The church is one of the finest in the city. It has had a rapid growth, and exerts a wide influence in all the Northwest. We are sure that a meeting of the Board in that city would be a great help to spiritual Christianity in a region which, in the nature of things, can seldom enjoy such a privilege. Another action of the Association concerned the subject of Christian union. It announced itself to be in sympathy with the recent declaration of the Congregational Association of New Jersey on that subject, and reaffirmed its own resolutions on interdenominational comity adopted a year ago. In such fields the need of comity is even more evident than at the East. We have frequently seen, in little towns on the frontier, churches for every two or three hundred people, counting all ages and all classes. If proper comity were observed, we are convinced that there would be churches and ministers enough. This action of the Oregon Association is in the right direction. Another step was in the line of a more thorough education of the ministry, and this resolution was so important that we quote

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it. It is as follows: "*Resolved*, That this Association records its deep conviction that no man should be encouraged to seek ordination at the hands of a council until he has completed a full course of preparation, either by a college and seminary course of study, or, if for any good reason such a course cannot be taken, by a good course of study, outlined and superintended by a committee of our representative ministers." It will no doubt seem to many that such a resolution is unwise, and they will ask, Why should the ministry be limited to educated men? We call the attention of such persons to the fact that those who are ordained to the ministry are ordained, not only as Christian workers, but as competent Christian teachers. To teach requires careful training. One of our prominent ministers recently declared that an uneducated ministry is the scourge of God. The adoption of such a resolution does not limit those who feel called on to do Christian work; it simply says that before a man is commended as a teacher he should be properly qualified for his work.

Yale Seminary

The theological seminaries this year seem to be prospering. We have already referred to the opening of the year in several institutions. We are now glad to report that the entering class at Yale Seminary is a large one, and that there are also large additions to the middle, senior, and graduate classes. One interesting feature is the fact that among the applicants are men of several nationalities and various shades of color. We are informed that the Junior Class is an exceptional one in point of scholarship, and that both East and West Divinity Halls are already crowded.

The Prison Association of New York

The Prison Association of New York has fixed upon the 28th of October as the date for Prison Sunday. The object of the observance of this day is to call the attention of people through the State to the defects and needs of our penal system, the condition of the prisoners actually in confinement, and of those already released from prison. The Association earnestly opposes the constitutional amendment concerning prison labor. The Secretary of this Association is Mr. W. M. F. Round, and the cause must commend itself to all who are interested in the improvement of a large and needy class in our community.

A Pennsylvania Revival

We have been much interested in an account of a summer revival in the Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys in Pennsylvania. In the midst of the northern anthracite coal-fields there is a population of about three hundred thousand persons on an area about forty miles long by five broad. In that district are gathered representatives of many nationalities, and the circumstances are such that a large proportion of the people have neglected religion. The revival originated with the Rev. Thomas W. Swan, of West Pittston, who interested Mr. Moody in this summer campaign. Before Mr. Moody's coming, meetings had been held by Major Whittle and other evangelists. The meetings were held in tents, in great halls, and in various places, and were attended by throngs of people. The results have been most encouraging.

The Industrial Christian Alliance

Few organizations have grown faster during recent years than the Industrial Christian Alliance, which was started less than three years ago in Macdougal Street, New York. Its object is to help men to help themselves by furnishing means of honest livelihood and giving encouragement to those who are without home or means of support and yet honestly desire to improve their condition. As its name indicates, the Alliance is primarily industrial. It works largely with those who are unfortunate rather than criminal or vicious. It is entirely unsectarian. The movement has grown so that a new building is required, and an old-fashioned edifice in Bleecker Street has become its home, and is being transformed to accommodate the various activities which find their center there. There will be a people's restaurant, laundry, and various shops—as carpenters', shoemakers', tailors'. There will be a social hall, and a series of smaller rooms, such as sitting, reading, writing, and music rooms. There will also be a library containing about three thousand volumes. In the building there will be dormitories arranged to accommodate about one hundred persons. One of the most difficult problems is to relieve want without creating pauperism. To accomplish this result is the object of the Alliance. Its incorporators number many of the most prominent citizens of New York, and its work during the past winter, when there was so much suffering, was efficient, and, we believe, wisely managed.

To the High-Class Chinese

It requires a good deal of heroism just now for a missionary to sail from this country to China, and yet the Rev. Gilbert Reid left New York on the 4th of October to continue his work among the higher classes in that Empire. Mr. Reid has long been convinced that the higher classes in that country, as well as in other heathen countries, have been neglected by the missionaries, and that men qualified for that service ought to be commissioned by the societies. He has become independent of the Presbyterian Foreign Board, and his work in the future will be interdenominational and dependent on the general Christian public. Mr. Reid believes that if the higher classes are reached it will be much easier to reach the lower, especially in China; and he also believes that the war between China and Japan offers a unique opportunity for the establishment of Christian institutions. We believe that the interdenominational idea will give to Mr. Reid's work an element of peculiar strength. Foreigners do not understand or care for our sectarian divisions. Mr. Reid will have a great advantage in not feeling the slightest obligation to maintain the distinctive tenets of any sect. Mr. Reid is a graduate of Hamilton College and Union Seminary. He has already had large experience in China, and has proved himself one of the most efficient of the missionaries to that Empire. He goes out with the hearty commendation of the Presbyterian Board, under which he formerly labored.

A University Settlement in India

Something new in the line of university settlements is contemplated by certain young women, all of whom are students either of Newnham or Girton Colleges at Cambridge. The leader in the movement is Miss A. de Selincourt, daughter of the senior deacon of the Westminster Chapel in London, and one of the most brilliant scholars of Girton College, from which she has just graduated. The plan is to establish a University Settlement in Bombay. Miss de Selincourt, the Secretary, has issued a circular, from which we make a few quotations as follows: "It has been thought that we might best obey His call by forming a Women's University Missionary Settlement, in which girls from our colleges could live together and unite in educational, medical, and evangelistic work. There seems to be a peculiarly favorable opening at the present time for work of this kind in Bombay. . . . It is greatly needed among the Parsees there. In the course of time we hope that a medical branch may be set on foot. If among the volunteers there are any lady doctors and trained nurses, a hospital or a medical dispensary would add immensely to the use of the settlement." Miss de Selincourt quotes at length from an interesting letter from a Parsee gentleman, a native of Bombay, who greets the proposed plan with great enthusiasm. He says: "There is a growing desire on the part of the Parsees in Bombay for the higher education of their women. The Parsees, as a rule, do not care to mingle with other races in India, but they are ready and willing to associate with Europeans. Besides unmarried girls, there are large numbers of young married ladies who are hardly out of their teens who would be glad to attend college classes." This movement originated with a band of Cambridge students, who afterwards talked the matter over with representatives of the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society, and they have now formed a small advisory council, who have experience in foreign missionary work, for the furtherance of the scheme. The circular says: "The settlement would be worked upon distinctly evangelical lines. It would, with this reservation, seek to embrace the thoughts of all sections of the Church of Christ. Each member would preserve her connection with that particular branch to which she belonged, while working in harmony with all." All the ladies are educated and university-trained. They go out positively committed to the Christian faith and yet without being professionally engaged in its propagation, thus disarming prejudice.

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The American Board Meeting

From a Special Correspondent

If any one doubted the wisdom of choosing Madison as the place for the fifty-eighth annual meeting of the Board, such doubt was dispelled when he entered the beautiful city. It needs only the Jungfrau in her mountain setting to make this American Interlaken, lying between Lakes Mendota and Monona, equal to its Swiss prototype.

The much-repeated question whether Dr. Storrs would be present was answered to the gratification of every one when, at three o'clock on Wednesday, he called the meeting to order and led in its devotions. The attendance from the East is small, and that from the West is not large. Familiar faces are missed. It is a strange-looking platform on which we no longer see Dr. Clark and Dr. Alden. The arrangement of the church which is the place of meeting is according to the plan approved by the use of recent years. The platform is occupied by the officers, and in front are places set apart for missionaries, corporate and honorary members. The church, which seats perhaps a thousand, was less than half filled at the opening session. President Adams, of the University, in his address of welcome, made felicitous use of the Ordinance of 1787, obtained from Congress by Manasseh Cutler, a Congregational clergyman, which secured the Northwest Territory to freedom and education. Dr. Storrs's reply was rich in his accustomed graces, whose infinite variety "age does not wither nor custom stale."

The committees for nomination of new members, headed by Dr. Virgin; on arrangements, headed by Dr. Updike; and for general nominations, headed by G. A. Robertson; on business, headed by Dr. Goodwin—all were named, and the report on the Home Department was read by Dr. Daniels. The Board had its first view of Mr. Barton as he read Dr. Clark's section of the annual Survey of Missions. Secretary Smith covered the remainder of the Survey, and this, with the Treasurer's report, completed the first session.

The annual sermon was preached to a good house by Dr. Clapp, of Manchester, N. H., after which was held a most agreeable reception in the assembly-rooms of the Capitol. Governor and Mrs. Peck, Senator and Mrs. Vilas, President and Mrs. Adams, received the citizens and their guests, and a delightful social hour was spent.

Thursday morning began a beautiful day. It had become evident that a new series of meetings of the Board had begun. Burning questions of administration were no longer to be the chief attraction. Missionaries and their work were once more to be the central theme. An admirable change was inaugurated by appointing two committees on the Survey by Secretary Clark and Secretary Smith, instead of naming committees on each of the missions of the Board, whose reports generally added nothing to the subject and were often wearisome. Of the committee on the Home Department Dr. Brand was Chairman; Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Smith Baker were Chairmen of the committees on the missions as presented in the papers of the Secretaries. Two admirable papers were read by the District Secretaries, Dr. Creegan, of New York, on "What the American Board May Hope to Accomplish Before the Close of the Century," and by Dr. Hitchcock, of Chicago, on "A World-Wide Survey." A paper from Secretary Smith on "The Intellectual Preparation of the Missionary" was followed by an address from Dr. H. H. Jessup of very great interest, on the work of the American Board in Syria. It was a gathering together of many facts of permanent historical value. President Angell and Dr. Washington Gladden closed the morning with addresses which were listened to with unflagging attention. In the course of the session Dr. Stinson found time to call attention to the fact that the financial question was the serious and distressing problem before the Board. He introduced the following resolution: "That the Prudential Committee be instructed to sell the residue of the Otis Fund, unless there be special reasons which in their judgment should make this for a brief time inexpedient, and apply the proceeds, so far as they will go, to the extinguishing of the debt." This was referred to a special committee, appointed later by Dr. Storrs, as follows: The Hon. Rowland Hazzard, President; J. B. Angell, the Rev. H. Fairbanks, C. E. Case, the Hon. W. P. Ellison, ex-President Bartlett, Dr. J. G. Johnson, Chester Holcomb, and W. E. Hale.

The session of the afternoon was not less interesting. It was given up to missionaries—Mr. DeForest, of Japan; Mr. Howland, of Mexico; Mr. Pease, of Micronesia; and Mr. Hume, of Bombay, who came at the close of a long session with a speech which charmed and delighted all.

On coming to the church in the evening it was evident that a new influence was at work. So far, seats had been easily found in the body of the house, while a very few persons strayed into the gallery. But by the hour of opening of the evening session the street about the two entrances was crowded with a restless mass of people. The church was densely packed. The secret was that Mr. Moody had been announced as one among the speakers of the evening. It was to a very unusual audience that Dr. Webb read a most interesting and impressive paper, prepared by Dr. Clark, in view of his retirement from his secretaryship. Dr. Hamlin, who followed, spoke in a very touching manner of his esteem and affection for Dr. Clark, at the opening of his address upon a missionary experience of fifty-seven years. Dr. Hamlin has perhaps never spoken more impressively than on this occasion, which, he said, was probably his last. The years are dealing very gently with this rare old man, and his wish for the retiring Secretary was echoed in every heart for himself, that in his evening-time there may be light. A committee was appointed, of which Dr. Hamlin is Chairman, to draft a resolution expressing the feeling of the Board toward Dr. Clark.

Mr. Moody's address on the Holy Spirit was entirely characteristic. It was a new feature at a meeting of the American Board. None could fail to share his very sincere and earnest wish that a Pentecostal visitation of the Holy Spirit might fall upon the meeting and upon every attendant.

On Friday the advantage of the new custom of having two committees cover the whole field of the missions was plainly seen. The ground was very amply covered by reports from the two committees on the Annual Survey by their Chairmen, Drs. Bartlett and Baker. Dr. Brand spoke on the report of the Home Department, and some admirable addresses were given by Colonel Davis, of Japan, Dr. Barrows, Dr. Richards, and Dr. Wells. At half-past eleven Mr. Hazzard offered the report of the Committee on the Financial Situation. For a few moments there was the familiar sound of recent years. The Committee reported against the adoption of Dr. Stimson's resolution to sell the remainder of the Otis legacy. There was animated opposition to this first resolution, but it was ultimately passed by a large majority. The bonds are a fine investment of increasing value, pledged by vote of the Board to certain uses. To sell them would make necessary the raising of money to meet the objects to which this money is devoted, and would be but an apparent relief of short duration. The other resolution of the Committee was, in effect, that there should be appointed by the President of the Board three co-operative committees, consisting of three persons each, one in Boston, one in New York, and one in Chicago, to which number a fourth committee in San Francisco was added later, whose duty it shall be, through such sub-committees as they shall choose, and by any other means which they shall deem wise, to secure for foreign missions a contribution from every church and a gift from every member. To the committee it seemed entirely within reach to rouse many more churches to give something even if they could not give much, and this will be the object of these co-operating committees.

At the observance of the Lord's Supper Mr. Moody gave another address on the Holy Spirit. The administration of the sacrament was by Dr. Webb and Dr. Davis, of Japan.

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Then came the business meeting, which we have often had reason to dread. It was peaceful and fraternal in the extreme. Seven corporate members were chosen to fill vacancies caused by death, seven to fill vacancies caused by resignation, and twenty-five new members were added. Dr. Storrs and Mr. Blatchford were chosen to the posts which they now so well fill. The twelve members of the Prudential Committee were put into three divisions, four to be chosen each year hereafter. Dr. James L. Barton was chosen in the place of Secretary Clark, and, with a few routine matters disposed of, the session was quickly ended. We are looking forward to the address of Dr. Storrs this (Friday) evening with the usual anticipations of pleasure. To-morrow morning the farewells of missionaries will be spoken, and final appeals for loyalty to the cause will be given, and our steps will turn homeward.

It has been a small gathering. Many well-known men have been missing; but it will go on record as a meeting of unusual interest. The debt has not been a cause of despondency. No one despairs of the continued progress of the work. A resolution closing the report on the Home Department instructed the Board to close no mission and to take no backward step. The confidence is strong that, with reviving business, there will be no lack in funds.

The next meeting will be in Brooklyn; the next preacher will be Dr. G. A. Gordon, of Boston.

J. G. J.

Madison, Wis.

Correspondence

An "Over-Credit"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You do me the honor to ascribe to me the following sentiment:

Sow an act—reap a habit; sow a habit—reap a character; sow a character—reap a destiny.

While confessing that I am as accessible to compliments as most men, yet I cannot accept credit which belongs to another. Eleven years ago, in a

Hood's Is the Best

Fall Medicine, because it purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and therefore gives strength to resist bad effects from Colds, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Malaria, the Grip, etc. Take it now and avoid the danger of serious illness. It may save you many dollars in doctors' bills. Be sure to get HOOD'S and only HOOD'S.

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"I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent medicine. I have taken four bottles and I am better than I have been for two years past. I was all run down, my limbs swelled, and my blood was in a very bad condition. Now I am free from neuralgia and better in every way." MRS. H. COBLEIGH, Hume, N. Y. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

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sermon before one of our universities on the "Hardening of Pharaoh's Heart," I quoted the above sentiment, printing it with the usual quotation marks, taking the sentiment from Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary for English Readers," Vol. III., page 635, the same sentence appearing there also in quotation marks. It would be a satisfaction to me, and doubtless to others, if some one of your erudite readers would discover the author.

It is among the curiosities of literature that a writer sometimes suffers from two opposite causes—over-credit and under-credit.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Misinterpretation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Under the above heading in the October 6 issue of The Outlook I notice an indignant protest by "F. L. E." against your editorial "The Dominant Interest." I should like to say that the article so "cruel if not absolutely wicked" was the means of helping my husband through one of the most trying periods of his life. As superintendent and mechanical engineer of a large engineering firm, he had known for some time that it was his imperative duty to discharge an old and faithful servant of the firm, a foreman of fourteen years' standing, and a hard worker who rarely lost a day.

The man had unfortunately failed to keep pace with the outside world, and was so much behind the times, so utterly antiquated in all his ideas, that he did not see the reason for this, that, and the other improvements necessary to cheapen production. Through the foreman the opposition spread to the men, until reorganization seemed impossible. What was to be done? Should the firm suffer indefinitely because their foreman could not, or would not, recognize the importance of adopting newer and better methods? The superintendent knew his duty, but, through sheer weakness, the matter was postponed from week to week and month to month.

Upon reading "The Dominant Interest," however, which was doubtless as apropos to thousands of others holding similar positions, he felt stimulated to act upon his better judgment and let the man go. Had he done otherwise the growth of the company would have been stunted, the apprentices not taught as they should be, the men made more dissatisfied, and "the dominant interest" not followed.

R.

Dr. Holmes at Oxford

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Englishmen mourn with Americans in a common sorrow, for it seems to us as if Dr. Holmes was more widely read and loved on the other side of the water than in his own country. Not soon shall I forget the only time I ever saw him in England. It was during the summer of 1886, when in as many weeks he took three D.C.L.'s, the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh delighting thus to honor him.

You know that our Oxford Commemorations—somewhat like an American Commencement—are always held in that huge—and, it must be confessed, ugly—edifice known as the Sheldonian Theater. To while away the time before the university dignitaries and great men about to be D.C.L.'d arrive, the undergraduates, packed into the upper galleries, always amuse themselves by firing off frankest criticisms in piercing tones. "Three cheers for the girl in the green hat," yelled a student. And they were given with a will. Every one looked for the girl, and as there was only one green hat present there was no question as to whom was meant, even if her face had not instantly assumed the strongest contrasting color. The man next me had an orchid in his buttonhole. A student screamed, "Take out that yellow flower." Instantly the refrain was taken up by the entire student-body, "Take out that yellow flower—Take it out—Yellow flower, take it out—Out, flower, out." This *ad nauseam.* Then a slight lull, and a solo voice was heard: "No, no, Mary Anne put it in." Then another, "She won't mind, old chappie." Then the rest again, "Take it out—out—out. Vice-Chancellor's coming. Better take it out," and, finally, "That's a nice boy," when the poor fellow frantically tore out the conspicuous *boutonnière.* Then what yells!

This "Commem" of 1886 was a famous one. Honest John Bright had reconciled his Quaker conscience to red robes, and stood up to be honored. His grand face was applauded to the echo. But the gallery gods had heartier applause for Dr. Holmes, whose almost boyish countenance told them of the eternal youth in the poet's heart. What a quick response there was from those other hearts up aloft, who knew that the good Doctor would not mind the unbridled license which they enjoy one day in the year. The complimentary address was being read, Dr. Holmes standing in his scarlet finery, but the noise in the gallery was deafening: "Hurry up your Latin, man." "Open your mouth so that the Doctor can hear." "Mispronounced again, sir; the Doctor is laughing at you," and verily the Autocrat could not keep back a broad grin from that face which seemed indeed always kindly smiling. The speaker did finally stumble and stutter. Then how he was reviled! "Take a deeper breath, sir." "Now, one, two, three." "Don't prompt him, O Vice-Chancellor." "I say, let him go it alone." "Lady's looking over your shoulder, sir." Dr. Holmes's grin was subsiding as the speaker tried to find his place, so we next heard: "Doctor wants to know where the joke is, sir." "Hurry up, sir! don't you see our guest is tired?" And when at last the end came, and the Autocrat was enrolled among the worthies, "Give the Autocrat a seat," for the D.C.L. bench was well crowded. "Room, room!" "Seat, seat!" "Come, show your manners, gentlemen!" "No place for Wendell Holmes to sit!"

Instead of putting the heavy degrees last, as in America, at Oxford they are put first. The real graduating exercises now took place in the delivery of the Creweian oration, the English and Latin essays, the historical essays, the Greek and Latin poems, and, above all, the Newdigate or the English prize poem. The subject for that year was "Savonarola," and was by a Mr. Giles, of Lincoln College, whose fine verse electrified us all. Not a criticism was heard from that erst loquacious gallery. My last view of Dr. Holmes was as he sat on the edge of the bench in rapt attention. Mr. Browning was next him, and was actually wiping away a tear!

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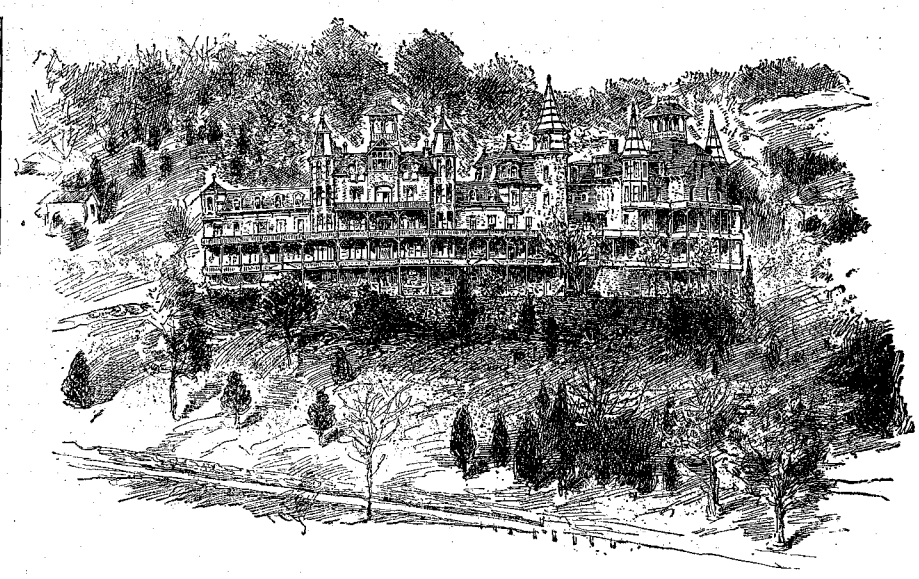

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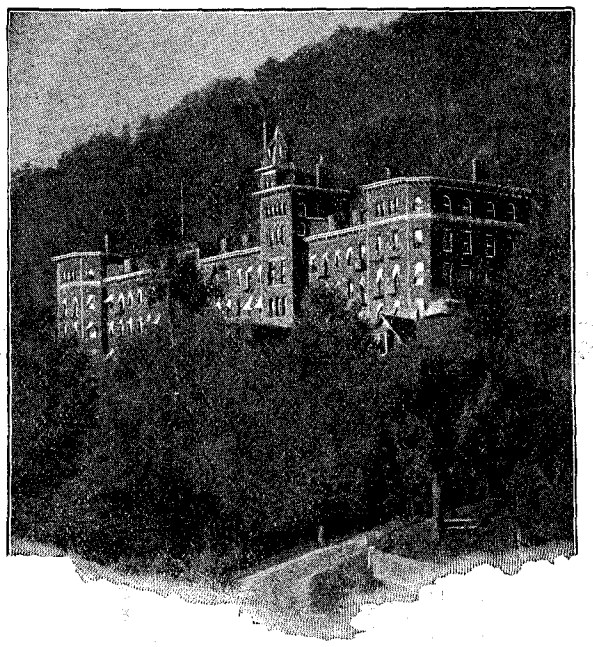

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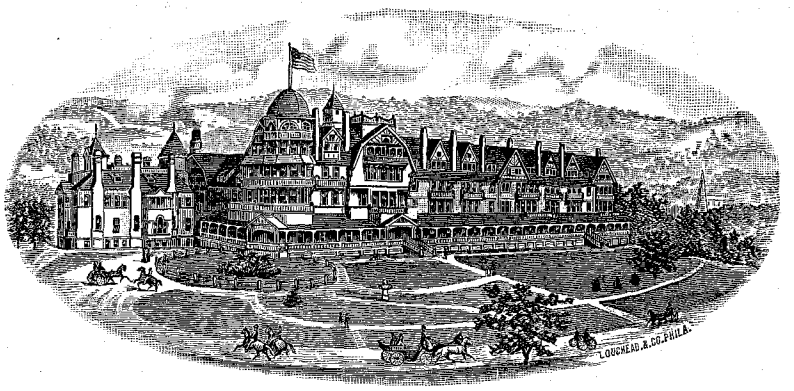

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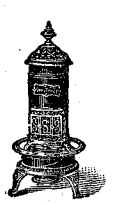

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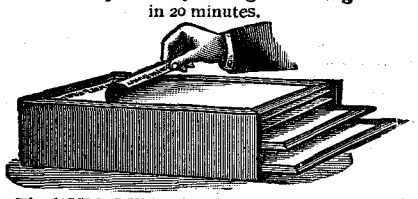

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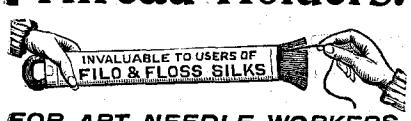

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The Business World

The Business Situation

Deterrent factors in last week's trade were the strength of sterling exchange foreshadowing the possibility of another gold outward movement. This anomalous and unsettling condition of the market for foreign exchange exists despite the fact that the offerings of cotton bills against shipments are in excess of past seasons to date. The demand for money in Europe is now at better rates than can be had here, and should gold be exported from New York, some of our idle millions might be employed—a surplus-reduction whose logical outcome ought to be better rates of interest in this market. But let it not be forgotten by the optimists that the Government gold reserve is only $60,000,000. Our net exports of gold to date amount to almost $66,000,000. Call money remains at 1 per cent., nor has time money been marked by any change. Rates continue at from 2 per cent. for sixty days to 3 per cent. for five months. The demand for high-grade mercantile paper is excellent. The rates range from 3 per cent. for indorsed bills receivable to 4½ per cent. for the best single names. The last statement of the New York City banks shows a disappointing decrease in loans and an increase of over a million each in cash resources and in deposits. The amount held exceeding legal demands has again risen to over sixty millions. The stock market was depressed because of the fear of gold exports and because of the still active manipulation of "Industrial" properties. "Sugar" dropped to the lowest figure so far this year, while the prices of "Cordage," both common and preferred stock, were actually below the amount of assessments paid on them at the time of reorganization—a sufficient declaration as to the value of the original company's shares. Railway gross earnings for September are stated to have declined over 6 per cent., the roads particularly distinguished for their losses being those which derived important benefits from the Chicago Fair a year ago. For the past fortnight domestic exports from New York have declined ten per cent., and Western receipts have also decreased. The result of all these conditions to the great majority of railway quotations has been a net decline. As we go to press, currency obligations of the United States demanding $500,000 payment in gold have been deposited at the Sub-Treasury to obtain gold for shipment to Germany. It is a curious coincidence that in the last movement to export specie (in August), the same amount was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury by the same firm.

Railway Reorganizations

The rapid completion of the various railway reorganization schemes now before the public is a consummation devoutly to be desired. Yet it would be a great wrong were these plans rushed through so rapidly that the adjustment should not be a permanent one. Of the reorganizations submitted during the present year it may safely be said that those have succeeded which have deserved to succeed. On Thursday of last week, as no opposing bids were made either by the bondholders or the Rock Island people, the stockholders of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway bought that reorganized property for $5,000,000 at sheriff's sale. The road proper sold at $4,600,000, the remainder being bid for fourteen lots of rolling stock. Thus should end the litigation which began with the appointment of a receiver in 1888. The new President of the Minneapolis and St. Louis will be Mr. William Lanman Bull. He states that the reorganization will take about two months to complete. In their annual report recently issued, the Government directors of the Union Pacific Railway have also put forth their scheme of reorganization, as follows:

I. Ascertain the minimum net earning power of the railroad or railroads to be reorganized.

II. Subject the entire railroad or railroads to a single mortgage, under which issue 3 per cent. one-hundred-year bonds to an amount such that the accruing interest will not exceed the minimum earning power.

III. Ascertain the debt due to the Government by adding interest at 6 per cent. to the principal of the bonds from their date to their maturity, crediting against same the amount of the United States bond and interest account and discounting the principal and interest so ascertained at 3 per cent. per annum, for an agreed date, say July 1, 1895.

IV. Apply the moneys and securities in the sinking fund to the part payment or extinction of bonds which have priority of lien over the lien of the Government.

V. Assess the stock of the Union Pacific Railway Company $10 per share. In default of payment of assessment issue new stock for the amount thereof.

VI. Apply five million dollars ($5,000,000) of the amount so raised to the further extinction of bonds having priority of lien over the lien of the Government.

VII. Sell so many of the first mortgage 3 per cent. one-hundred-year bonds as shall be required to pay off the remainder of the existing prior-lien bonds at maturity.

VIII. Issue to the Government an amount of first mortgage 3 per cent. one-hundred-year bonds equal to the whole debt as above ascertained.

IX. Apply the remaining 3 per cent. first mortgage bonds, and so much preferred stock as may be necessary to compensate security-holders for reduction of interest, to the satisfaction of liens subsequent to the lien of the United States, and of the bonds held in the collateral trusts of the Company.

X. Carry to foreclosure, decree, and sale the entire railroad property of the Union Pacific Railway Company, including the bonds and lands held in the collateral trusts.

After complete foreclosure the directors add that the several companies might be consolidated on an even basis with $220,000,000 of total bonds, with $6,600,000 of fixed charges, and $6,689,000 minimum net earnings. The loan proposed, however, is intended to provide for the bonds of the Union Pacific Railway itself. It cannot be said that the proposed scheme has merits either of clearness to the great army of stockholders—save the dreaded $10 assessment—or of undue generosity to the road's great creditor, the United States Government. Yet even this arrangement was thought too generous by some members of Senator Brice's Reorganization Committee, who remarked that 3 per cent. was too high a rate for the proposed blanket mortgage bonds, at any rate for that portion of them to be given to the Government. The question, then, seems pertinent: Whose money built the Union Pacific, whose resources have withstood the stealings of the "rings" (never forgetting the Crédit Mobilier), and who has been defrauded of rightful interest in order that unearned dividends might be paid to these "ring" investors?

Cost of Wheat and Corn Production

Five thousand replies received by the Department of Agriculture as to the cost of producing wheat show that the average cost an acre is $11.48. In North Dakota there seems to be the lowest cost, $7.48, and in Massachusetts the highest, $28.81. For the whole country the average yield an acre is less than thirteen bushels. The same States also show the lowest and highest cost an acre for corn—namely, $8.06 for North Dakota and $43.58 for Massachusetts, the general average cost being $11.71. In 1893, the average farm value of wheat and corn an acre was: wheat, $6.16; corn, $8.21. The figures for 1894 will be different.

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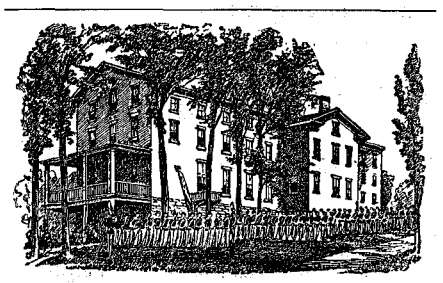

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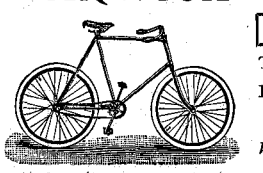

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The Policy-Shops of New York

A Policy-Dealer's Testimony

The testimony before the Lexow Committee brought out as it has never been before the manner in which policy-shop gambling is carried on. The witness whose evidence is here given, S. L. Carney, followed others who had shown that most of the policy-shops are conducted by agents for certain "backers" who supply the money sometimes required for the payment of prizes and always for the payment of police. Mr. Carney said that the two drawings which take place daily are based on drawings in certain policy or lottery schemes in Covington and Lexington, Kentucky.

Each day twenty-six numbers are telegraphed in cipher from Cincinnati to a man named D. J. Conlon in Jersey City. When he receives and deciphers his daily messages, he telephones them to the headquarters of the backers in this city, and the backers then telephone them to the policy-shops all over the city. Following the telephone message the backers send out to the shops runners with what is called running slips containing the numbers that are drawn. The witness produced one of these slips, and Mr. Goff observed that it was press-printed.

Q.—Where are they printed so quick? A.—Oh, they have a private printing-office.

Q.—Give us the name of some of the principal backers. A.—The King is Al Adams. He is the biggest man with the biggest pull. Then there is . . . and some others whose names I don't remember. They have the city divided up into districts.

Q.—What class of people play policy? A.—Well, down-town the Hebrews, and, of course, away down-town there are prosperous people, plenty of brokers. On the West Side the negroes, and further up on the West Side the Irish. Up-town on the East Side the Italians—men and women and children. I have seen women with babies in their arms playing, and children with school-books on their backs.

Q.—What amounts are played? A.—From one cent to $100. In Stanton Street you will see the women make penny plays; yes, and beg to be trusted for a penny play. In Harlem they make five and ten cent plays. In the Tenderloin twenty-five cents and fifty cents. But, of course, where the brokers play you will see $100 put on a number, perhaps.

Q.—Have you any knowledge that the backers paid the police? A.—Why, certainly; they can't help themselves. You couldn't open an unprotected shop twelve hours without having the cops on you.

Q.—What are the daily receipts of the average shop? A.—In old times $150 a day per book, say, in Harlem.

Q.—But that is a poor district? A.—Yes, but the poor districts are the best for us. In the well-to-do districts the policy-shops starve.

Q.—Have the police generally a knowledge of these shops? A.—Sure. They are good players. One of them owes me $17.10 now.

Q.—The police play on credit, then? A.—I don't call it credit. If a cop comes in and says he wants a number, what are you going to do? If you don't give up you go up, don't you?

The witness was made to go into a long explanation of saddles (two numbers) and gigs (three numbers) and combination gigs, running up to an amazing number of figures, some of which paid 200 for 1. His facility in mental arithmetic amazed the Committee. He multiplied and divided and combined all the figures from 1 to 78 (those are the policy numbers) with the ease with which Uncle Bradley takes a pinch of snuff. He was asked what suggests the numbers in a gig, and gave a number of curious explanations. What was known as the McKane gig was made of his age, the number of his cell, and the tier on which the cell was located. That gig won the day McKane was transferred to prison. The number of the first cable-car to run down the Bowery was made the first number in every gig played on the East Side for several days, but it never won. He produced from his pocket a ticket bought last Wednesday, in which 35 was the second number. When Mr. Goff called on Tuesday for the policeman who had clubbed little Quinn, he called out "Officer 35." That number was made second in gigs played all around town the next day, because the number was on a little silver plate in the handle of the policeman's club, and that handle was broken—was the second part of the club. Gigs are made up from dreams, and the players consult three dream-books, "Aunt Sally," "The Witches," and "Wheel of Fortune."

Q.—Then if a policeman should have an encounter with a cable-car, and get the worst of it, I suppose the number of the car would appear in a gig? A.—No, they would make a combination of the number of the car and the number of the policeman.

Q.—What are fancy gigs? A.—There are a number of them. One is called the Reilly gig. He is a Brooklyn saloon-keeper. He played the gig 16—20—28 for $15,000, and his wife played the same gig for $10,000, and they both hit.

Q.—Won? A.—Yes. And since that day the gig has been played thousands of times, but never won again.

The witness produced a typewritten list containing the addresses of 600 policy-shops which he swore were now running, or had been within the past two weeks, during which time he had been engaged under Mr. Goff's directions in getting evidence. He had visited in that time every shop on his list. In some he had played, in others obtained slips, and in others merely talked with the writers—most of them he knew—and seen the business in operation. He said he had an additional list of 315 which he had not time to verify.

Q.—Has the Parkhurst crusade and the Lexow Committee affected the business? A.—Yes. Between them and the newspapers they cut down the business fifty per cent.—that is, until this flurry is over, and then they'll all spring up again.

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The American Missionary Association

The Forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in the First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., October 23–25, beginning at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, at which time the General Survey and Treasurer's Report will be presented. In the evening, Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa., will preach the sermon.

Hospitalities will be extended to all officials of the A. M. A., to all speakers at the meeting, all pastors and missionaries present, all duly accredited delegates and life members of the Association who will send their names in advance of the meeting to Rev. Geo. H. Johnson, 255 Branch St., Lowell, Mass. The Merrimac House and the American House, in Lowell, will receive guests of the A. M. A. at $1.75 per day.

The arrangements for reduced railroad rates are that round-trip tickets will be sold, good *going* the 20th to the 25th and good *returning* until the 31st, inclusive, at the following rates: Two cents per mile from points within 25 miles from Lowell, with a minimum rate of twenty-five cents; one dollar from points from 25 to 33 miles from Lowell, and one and one-half cents per mile from points more than 33 miles from Lowell; from territory of principal connecting trunk lines, *fare and a third, certificate plan*, certificates to be indorsed by Dea. James G. Buttrick, Lowell, Mass.

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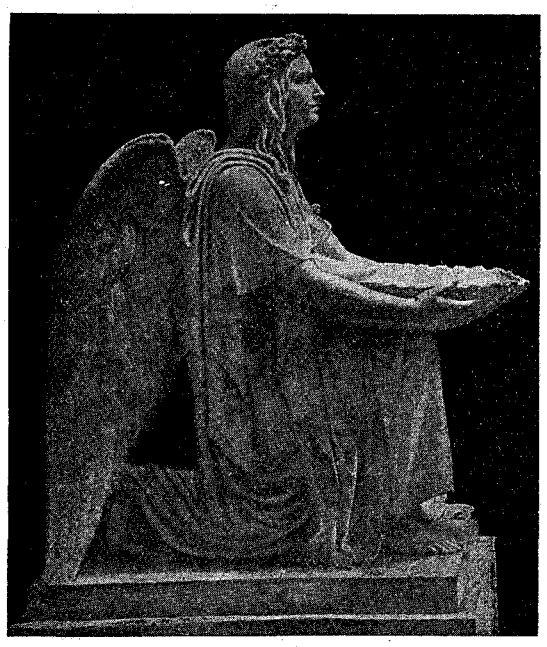

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